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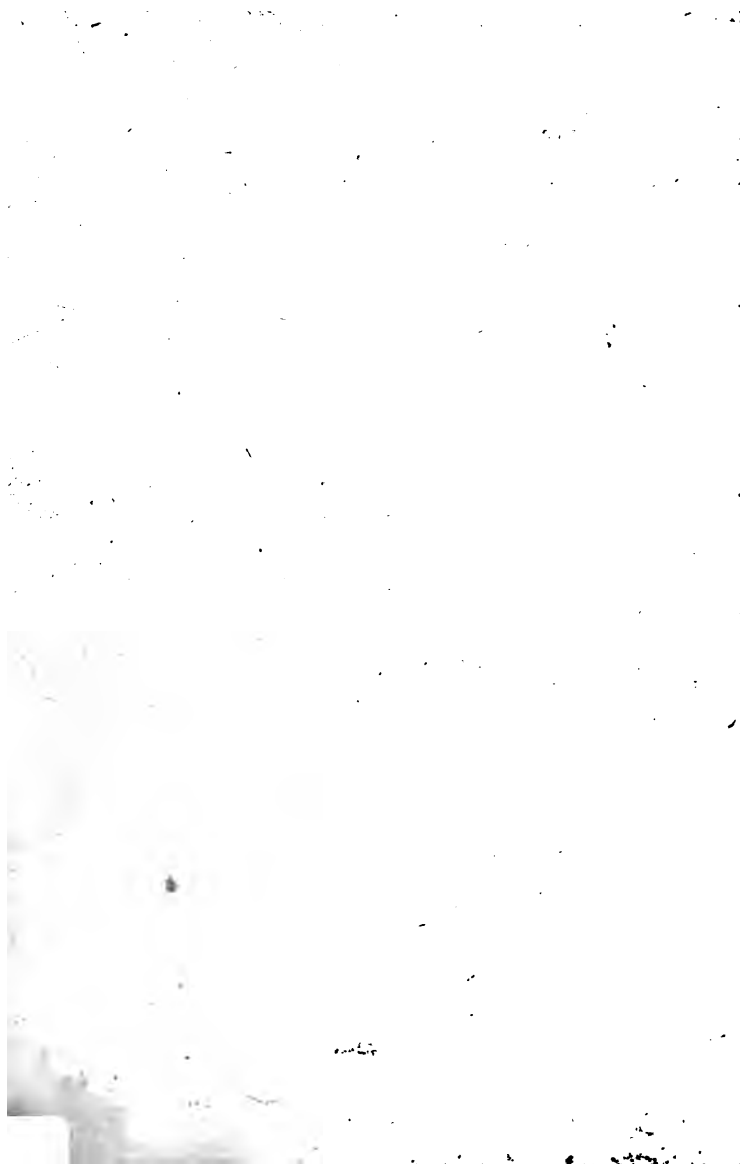
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DEPARTMENT OF
THE HISTORY OF ART
✻ OXFORD ✻

Lee



THE
PLEASURES
OF
IMAGINATION.
A
POEM
IN THREE BOOKS.

Ἀσεβὲς μὴ εἶναι ἀιθρόων τὰς παρὰ τῷ Θεῷ χάριτας ἀνιμαζέειν.
EPICT. apud Arrian. II. 23.



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The DESIGN.

THERE are certain powers in human nature which seem to hold a middle place between the organs of bodily sense and the faculties of moral perception: they have been called by a very general name, The Powers of Imagination. Like the external senses, they relate to matter and motion; and at the same time, give the mind ideas analogous to those of moral approbation and dislike. As they are the inlets of some of the most exquisite pleasures we are acquainted with, men of warm and sensible tempers have sought means to recall the delightful perceptions they afford, independent of the objects which originally produced them. This gave rise to the imitative or designing arts; some of which, like painting and sculpture, directly copy the external appearances which were admired in nature; others like music and poetry, bring them back to remembrance by signs universally established and understood.

But these arts as they grew more correct and deliberate, were naturally led to extend their imitation beyond the peculiar objects of the imaginative powers; especially poetry, which making use of language as the instrument by which it imitates, is consequently become an unlimited representative of every species and mode of being. Yet as their primary intention was only to express the objects of imagination, and as they still abound chiefly in ideas of that class, they of course retain their original character, and all the pleasures they excite, are term'd in general, Pleasures of Imagination. The

The DESIGN.

The design of the following poem is to give a view of these in the largest acceptation of the term ; so that whatever our imagination feels from the agreeable appearances of nature, and all the various entertainment we meet with either in poetry, painting, music, or any of the elegant arts, might be deducible from one or other of these principles in the constitution of the human mind, which are here establish'd and explain'd.

In executing this general plan, it was necessary first of all to distinguish the imagination from our other faculties, and then to characterize those original forms or properties of being about which it is conversant, and which are by nature adapted to it, as light is to the eyes, or truth to the understanding. These properties Mr. Addison had reduc'd to the three general classes of greatness, novelty and beauty ; and into these we may analyze every object, however complex, which properly speaking, is delightful to the imagination. But such an object may also include many other sources of pleasure, and its beauty, or novelty, or grandeur, will make a stronger impression by reason of this concurrence. Besides this, the imitative arts, especially poetry, owe much of their effect to a similar exhibition of properties quite foreign to the imagination ; inasmuch that in every line of the most applauded poems, we meet with either ideas drawn from the external senses, or truths discover'd to the understanding, or illustrations of contrivance and final causes, or above all the rest, with circumstances proper to awaken and engage the passions. It were therefore necessary to enumerate and exemplify those different species of pleasure : especially that from the passions, which as it is supreme in the noblest works of human genius, so being in some particulars not a little surprizing, gave an opportunity to enliven the didactic turn of the poem, by introducing a piece of machinery to account for the appearance. Af-

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After these parts of the subject, which hold chiefly of admiration, or naturally warm and interest the mind, a pleasure of a very different nature, that from ridicule, came next to be considered. As this is the foundation of the comic manner in all the arts, and has been but very imperfectly treated by moral writers; it was thought proper to give it a particular illustration, and to distinguish the general sources from which the ridicule of characters is deriv'd. Here too a change of stile became necessary; such a one, as might yet be consistent, if possible, with the general taste of composition in the serious parts of the subject: nor is it an easy task to give any tolerable force to images of this kind, without running either into the gigantic expressions of the mock-heroic, or the familiar and pointed raillery of profess'd satire; neither of which would have been proper here.

The materials of all imitation being thus laid open, nothing now remain'd but to illustrate some particular pleasures which arise either from the relations of different objects one to another, or from the nature of imitation itself. Of the first kind is that various and complicated resemblance existing between several parts of the material and immaterial worlds, which is the foundation of metaphor and wit. As it seems in a great measure to depend on the early associations of our ideas, and as this habit of associating is the source of many pleasures and pains in life, and on that account, bears a great share in the influence of poetry and the other arts, it is therefore mention'd here and its effects describ'd. Then follows a general account of the production of these elegant arts, and the secondary pleasure, as it is call'd, arising from the resemblance of their imitations to the original appearances of nature. After which, the design is clos'd with some reflexions on the general conduct of the powers of imagination,

magination, and on their natural and moral usefulness in life.

Concerning the manner or turn of composition which prevails in this piece, little can be said with propriety by the author. He had two models; that antient and simple one of the first Grecian poets, as it is refin'd by Virgil in the Georgics, and the familiar epistolary way of Horace. This latter has several advantages. It admits of a greater variety of stile; it more readily engages the generality of readers, as partaking more of the air of conversation; and especially with the assistance of rhyme, leads to a closer and more concise expression. Add to this the example of the most perfect modern poets, who has so happily applied this manner to the noblest parts of philosophy, that the public taste is in a great measure form'd to it alone. Yet, after all, the subject before us tending almost constantly to admiration and enthusiasm, seem'd rather to demand a more open, pathetic and figur'd stile. This to appear more natural, as the author's aim was not so much to give formal precepts, or enter into the way of direct argumentation, as by exhibiting the most engaging prospects of nature, to enlarge and harmonize the imagination, and by that means insensibly dispose the minds of men to the same dignity of taste in religion, morals, and civil life. 'Tis on this account that he is so careful to point the benevolent intention of the author of nature in every principle of the human constitution here insisted on; and also to unite the moral excellencies of life in the same point of view with the meer external objects of good-taste; thus recommending them in common to our natural propensity for admiring what is beautiful and lovely. The same views have also led him to introduce some sentiments which may perhaps be look'd upon as not quite direct to the subject; but since

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since they bear an obvious relation to it, the authority of Virgil, the faultless model of the didactic poetry, will best support him in this particular. For the sentiments themselves he makes no apology.

ARGUMENT of the FIRST BOOK.

THE subject propos'd ; verse 1. to 30.
Difficulty of treating it poetically ; v. 45.
The ideas of the divine mind, the origin of every quality pleasing to the imagination ; v. 56. to 78. The natural variety of constitution in the minds of men, with it's final cause ; to v. 96. The idea of a fine imagination, and the state of the mind in the enjoyment of those pleasures which it affords ; v. 100, to 132.
All the primary pleasures of imagination result from the perception of greatness or wonderfulness, or beauty in objects ; v. 145.
The pleasure from greatness with it's final cause ; v. 151. to 221. Pleasure from novelty or wonderfulness, with it's final cause ; v. 222. to 270. Pleasure from beauty, with it's final cause ; v. 275. to 372. The connexion of beauty with truth and good, applied

8 Argument of the FIRST BOOK.

plied to the conduct of life ; v. 384. Invitation to the study of moral philosophy ; to 428. The different degrees of beauty in different species of objects ; v. 448. Colour, shape, natural concretes ; vegetables ; animals ; the mind ; v. 445. to 475. The sublime, the fair, the wonderful of the mind ; v. 497. to 526. The connexion of the imagination and the moral faculty ; v. 557. Conclusion.



THE



T H E
P L E A S U R E S
O F
I M A G I N A T I O N .

Book the F I R S T .

W I T H what attractive charms this goodly frame
Of nature touches the consenting hearts
Of mortal men ; and what the pleasing stores
Which beauteous imitation thence derives
To deck the poet's, or the painter's toil ;
My verse unfolds. Attend, ye gentle pow'rs
Of (a) MUSICAL DELIGHT ! and while I sing
Your gifts, your honours, dance around my strain,
Thou, smiling queen of every tuneful breast,
Indulgent FANCY ! from the tuneful banks.

A

5

10
Of

Of Avon, whence thy rosy fingers cull
 Fresh flow'rs and dews to sprinkle on the turf
 Where SHAKESPEARE lies, be present : and with thee
 Let FICTION come, upon her vagrant wings
 Wasting ten thousand colours thro' the air, 15
 And, by the glances of her magic eye,
 Combining each in endless, fairy forms,
 Her wild creation. Goddess of the lyre
 Which rules the accents of the moving sphere,
 Wilt thou, eternal HARMONY ! descend, 20
 And join this festive train ? for with thee comes
 The guide, the guardian of their lovely sports,
 Majestic TRUTH ; and where TRUTH deigns to come
 Her sister LIBERTY will not be far.
 Be present all ye GENII who conduct 25
 The wand'ring footsteps of the youthful bard,
 New to your springs and shades : who touch his ear
 With finer sounds ; who heighten to his eye
 The bloom of nature, and before him turn
 The gayest, happiest attitudes of things. 30

Oft have the laws of each poetic strain
 The critic-verse employ'd ; yet still unsung
 Lay this prime subject, tho' importing most
 A poet's name : for fruitless is th' attempt
 By dull obedience and the curb of rules, 35
 For creeping toil to climb the hard ascent
 Of high Parnassus. Nature's kindling breath
 Must fire the chosen genius ; nature's hand
 Must point the path, and imp his eagle-wings

BOOK I. of IMAGINATION. 11

Exulting o'er the painful steep to soar
 High as the summit : there to breath at large
 Æthereal air ; with bards and sages old,
 Immortal sors of praise. These flatt'ring scenes
 To this neglecting labour court my song ;
 Yet not (b) unconscious what a doubtful task,
 To paint the finest features of the mind,
 And to most subtile and mysterious things
 Give colour, strength and motion. But the love
 Of nature and the muses bids explore,
 Thro' secret paths erewhile untrod by man,
 The fair poetic region, to detect
 Untasted springs ; to drink inspiring draughts ;
 And shade my temples with unfading flow'rs.
 Cull'd from the laureat vale's profound recess,
 Where never poet gain'd a wreath before.

FROM heav'n my strains begin ; from heav'n descends
 The flame of genius to the human breast,
 And love and beauty, and poetic joy
 And inspiration. Ere the radiant sun
 Sprung from the east, or 'mid the vault of night
 The moon suspended her serener lamp ;
 Ere mountains, woods, or streams adorn'd the globe ;
 Or wisdom taught the sors of men her lore ;
 Then liv'd th' eternal ONE : then deep-retir'd
 In his unfathom'd essence, view'd at large
 The uncreated images of things ;
 The radiant sun, the moon's nocturnal lamp,
 The mountains, woods and streams, the rolling globe,

12 The PLEASURES

And wisdom's form celestial. From the first
 Of days, on them his love divine he fix'd, 70
 His admiration : till in time compleat,
 What he admir'd and lov'd, his vital smile
 Unfolded into being. Hence the breath
 Of life informing each organic frame,
 Hence the green earth, and wild resounding waves ; 75
 Hence light and shade alternate ; warmth and cold ;
 And clear autumnal skies and vernal show'rs,
 And all the fair variety of things.

BUT not alike to every mortal eye
 Is this great scene unveil'd. For since the claims 80
 Of social life, to different labours urge
 The active pow'rs of man ; with wise intent
 The hand of nature on peculiar minds
 Imprints a different bias, and to each
 Decrees its province in the common toil. 85
 To some she taught the fabric of the sphere,
 The changeful moon, the circuit of the stars,
 The golden zones of heav'n : to some she gave
 To weigh the moment of eternal things,
 Of time, and space, and fate's unbroken chain, 90
 And will's quick impulse : others by the hand
 She led o'er vales and mountains, to explore
 What healing virtue swells the tender veins
 Of herbs and flow'rs ; or what the beams of morn
 Draw forth, distilling from the clefted rind 95
 In balmy tears. But some to higher hopes
 Were destin'd ; some within a finer mould

She

BOOK I. of IMAGINATION. 13

She wrought and temper'd with a purer flame.
To these the fire omnipotent unfolds
The world's harmonious volume, there to read 100
The transcript of himself. On every part
They trace the bright impressions of his hand :
In earth or air, the meadow's purple stores,
The moon's mild radiance, or the virgins form
Blooming with rosy smiles, they see pourtray'd 105
That uncreated beauty, which delights
The mind supreme. THEY also feel her charms ;
Enamour'd, THEY partake th' eternal joy.

As (c) Memnon's marble harp, renown'd of old
By fabling Nilus, to the quivering touch 110
Of Titan's ray, with each repulsive string
Consenting, founded thro' the warbling air
Unbidden strains ; ev'n so did nature's hand
To certain species of external things,
Attune the finer organs of the mind : 115
So the glad impulse of congenial powers,
Or of sweet sound, or fair-proportion'd form,
The grace of motion, or the bloom of light,
Thrills thro' imagination's tender frame,
From nerve to perve : all naked and alive] 120
They catch the spreading rays : till now the soul
At length discloses every tuneful spring,
To that harmonious movement from without,
Responsive. Then the inexpressive strain
Diffuses its enchantment : fancy dreams 125
Of sacred fountains and elysian groves,

And

And vales of bliss : the intellectual pow'r
 Bends from his awful throne a wond'ring ear,
 And smiles : the passions gently sooth'd away,
 Sink to divine repose, and love and joy 130
 Alone are walking ; love and joy, serene
 As airs that fan the summer, O ! attend,
 Whoe'er thou art whom those delights can touch,
 Whose candid bosom the refining love
 Of nature warms, O ! listen to my song ; 135
 And I will guide thee to her fav'rite walks,
 And teach thy solitude her voice to hear,
 And point her loveliest features to thy view.

K N O W then whate'er of nature's pregnant stores,
 Whate'er of mimic art's reflected forms 140
 With love and admiration thus inflame
 The pow'rs of fancy, her delighted sons
 To three illustrious orders have referr'd ;
 Three sister graces, whom the painter's hand,
 The poet's tongue confesses ; the SUBLIME 145
 The WONDERFUL, the FAIR. I see them dawn !
 I see the radiant visions, where they rise,
 More lovely than when Lucifer displays
 His beaming forehead thro' the gates of morn,
 To lead the train of Phœbus and the spring. 150

SAY, (d) why was man so eminently rais'd
 Amid the vast creation ; why ordain'd
 Thro' life and death to dart his piercing eye,
 With thoughts beyond the limit of his frame ;

But

BOOK I. of IMAGINATION. 15

But that th' omnipotent might send him forth 155

In fight of mortal and immortal pow'rs,

As on a boundless theatre, to run

The great career of justice ; to exalt

His gen'rous aim to all diviner deeds ;

To shake each partial purpose from his breast ; 160

And thro' the mists of passion and of sense,

And thro' the tossing tide of chance and pain

To hold his course unsalt'ring, while the voice

Of truth and virtue, up the steep ascent

Of nature, calls him to his high reward, 165

Th' applauding smile of heav'n ? else wherefore burns

In mortal bosoms, this unquenched hope

That breaths from day to day sublimer things,

And mocks possession ? wherefore darts the mind,

With such resistless ardor to imbrace 170

Majestic forms ? impatient to be free,

Spurning the gross controul of wilful might ;

Proud of the strong contention of her toils ;

Proud to be daring ? who but rather turns

To heav'n's broad fire his unconstrained view, 175

Than to the glimm'ring of a waxen flame ?

Who that, from Alpine heights, his lab'ring eye

Shoots round the wide horizon to survey

The Nile or Ganges rowl his wasteful tide

Thro' mountains, plains, thro' empires black with shade

And continents of sand ; will turn his gaze 181

To mark the windings of a scanty rill

That murmurs at his feet ? the high born soul

Disdains to rest her heav'n aspiring wing

Beneath

16 The PLEASURES.

Beneath its native quarry. Tir'd of earth. 185
 And this diurnal scene, she springs aloft *
 Thro' fields of air ; pursues the flying storm ;
 Rides on the volley'd lightning thro' the heav'ns ;
 Or yok'd with whirlwinds and the northern blast,
 Sweeps the long tract of day. Then high she soars 190
 The blue profound, and hovering o'er the sun,
 Beholds him pouring the redundant stream
 Of light ; beholds his unrelenting sway
 Bend the reluctant planets to obolve
 The fated rounds of time. Thence far effus'd 195
 She darts her swiftness up the long career
 Of devious comets ; thro' its burning signs
 Exulting circles the perennial wheel
 Of nature, and looks back on all the stars,
 Whose blended light, as with a milky zone, 200
 Invests the orient. Now amaz'd she views
 Th' (e) empyreal waste, where happy spirits hold
 Beyond this concave heav'n, their calm abode ;
 And fields of radiance, (f) whose unfading light
 Has travell'd the profound fix thousand years, 205
 Nor yet arrives in sight of mortal things.
 Ev'n on the batriers of the world untir'd
 She meditates th' eternal deep below ;
 Till, half recoiling, down the headlong steep
 She plunges ; soon o'erwhelm'd and swallow'd up 210
 In that immense of being. There her hopes
 Rest at the fated goal. For from the birth
 Of mortal man, the sov'reign Maker said,
 " That not in humble or in brief delight,

" Not

BOOK I. of IMAGINATION. 17

" Not in the fading echoes of renown, 215
" Powers purple robes, or pleasure's flow'ry lap,
" The soul should find enjoyment : but from these
" Turning disdainful to an equal good,
" Thro' all th' ascent of things enlarge her view,
" Till ev'ry bound at length should disappear, 220
" And infinite perfection close the scene. "

Call now to mind what high, capacious pow'rs
Lie folded up in man ; how far beyond
The praise of mortals, may th' eternal growth;
Of nature to perfection half divine, 225
Expand the blooming soul ? What pity then
Should sloth's unkindly fogs depress to earth
Her tender blossom ; choak the streams of life,
And blast her spring ! Far otherwise design'd
Almighty wisdom ; nature's happy cares 230
Th' obedient heart far otherwise incline.
Witness the sprightly joy when aught unknown
Strikes the quick sense, and wakes each active pow'r
To brisker measures : witness (g) the neglect
Of all familiar prospects, tho' beheld 205
With transport once ; the fond, attentive gaze
Of young astonishment ; the sober zeal
Of age, commenting on prodigious things.
For such the bounteous providence of heav'n,
In every breast implanting (h) this desire 240
Of objects new and strange, to urge us on
With unremitted labour to pursue
Those sacred stores that wait the ripening soul,

18 The PLEASURES

In truth's exhaustless bosom. What need words
 To paint its power ? For this the daring youth 245
 Breaks from his weeping mother's anxious arms,
 In foreign climes to rove : the pensive sage,
 Heedless of sleep or midnight's harmful damp,
 Hangs o'er the sickly taper ; and untir'd
 The virgin follows, with enchanted step, 250
 The mazes of some wild and wond'rous tale,
 From morn to eve ; unmindful of her form,
 Unmindful of the happy dress that stole
 The wishes of the youth, when every maid
 With envy pin'd. Hence finally, by night 255
 The village matron, round the blazing hearth,
 Suspends the infant-audience with her tales,
 Breathing astonishment ! of witching rhymes,
 And evil spirits ; of the death-bed call
 To him who robb'd the widow, and devour'd 260
 The orphan's portion ; of unquiet souls
 Ris'n from the grave to ease the heavy guilt
 Of deeds in life conceal'd ; of shapes that walk
 At dead of night, and clank their chains, and wave
 The torch of hell around the murd'rer's bed. 265
 At every solemn pause the croud recoil,
 Gazing each other speechless, and congeal'd
 With shivering sighs : till eager of th' event,
 Around the beldame all erect they hang,
 Each trembling heart with grateful terrors quell'd 270

But lo ! disclos'd in all her smiling pomp,
 Where B E A U T Y onward moving-claims the verse
 Her

BOOK I. of IMAGINATION. 19

Her charms inspire ; the freely flowing verse
In thy immortal praise, O form divine,
Smooths her mellifluous strain, Thee, BEAUTY, thee,
The regal dome, and thy enlivening ray
The mossy roofs adore : thou better sun !
For ever beamest on th' enchanted heart
Love, and harmonious wonder, and delight
Poetic. Brightest progeny of heav'n ! 280
How shall I trace thy features ? where select
The roseate hues to emulate thy bloom ?
Haste then, my song, thro' nature's wide expanse,
Haste then, and gather all her comeliest wealth,
Whate'er bright spoils the florid earth contains, 285
Whate'er the waters, or the liquid air,
To deck thy lovely labour. Wilt thou fly
With laughing autumn to th' (i) Atlantic isles,
And range with him th' Hesperian field, and see,
Where'er his fingers touch the fruitful grove, 290
The branches shoot with gold ; where'er his step
Marks the glad soil, the tender clusters glow
With purple ripeness, and invest each hill
As with the blushes of an evening sky,
Or wilt thou rather stop thy vagrant plume, 295
(k) Where, gliding thro' his daughter's honour'd shades,
The smooth Penéus from his glassy flood
Reflects purpureal Tempe's pleasant scene ?
Fair Tempe ! haunt belov'd of sylvan pow'rs,
Of nymphs and fawns ; where in the golden age 300
They play'd in secret on the shady brink
With antient Pan, while round their choral steps

Young hours and genial gales with constant hand
 Show'r'd blossoms, odours, show'r'd ambrosial dews,
 And spring's Elysian bloom. Her flow'ry store 305
 To thee nor Tempe shall refuse ; nor watch
 Of winged Hydra guard Hesperian fruits
 From thy free spoil. O bear then, unprov'd,
 Thy smiling treasures to the green recess
 Where young Dione stays. With sweetest airs 310
 Intice her forth to lend her angel-form
 For beauty's honour'd image. Hither turn
 Thy graceful footsteps ; hither, gentle maid
 Incline thy polish'd forehead : let thy eyes
 Effuse the mildness of their azure dawn ; 315
 And may the fanning breezes waft aside
 Thy radiant locks, dissolving as it bends
 With airy softness from the marble neck
 The cheek fair blooming, and the rosy lip
 Where winning smiles and pleasures sweet as love, 320
 With sanctity and wisdom temp'ring blend
 Their soft allurements. Then the pleasing force
 Of nature, and her kind paternal care,
 Worthier I'd sing : then all th' enamour'd youth,
 With each admiring virgin to my lyre 325
 Should throng attentive, while I point on high
 Where beauty's living image, like the morn
 That wakes in Zephyr's arms the blushing May,
 Moves onward ; or as Venus, when she stood
 Effulgent on the pearly car, and smil'd, 330
 Fresh from the deep, and conscious of her form,
 To see the Tritons tune their vocal shells,

And

BOOK I. of IMAGINATION. 21

And each cœrulean sister of the flood
With fond acclaim attend her o'er the waves,
To seek th' Idalian bow'r. Ye smiling band 335
Of youths and virgins, who thro' all the maze
Of young desire with rival steps pursue
This charm of beauty ; if the pleasing toil
Can yield a moment's respite, hither turn
Your favourable ear, and trust my words. 340
I do not mean to wake the gloomy form
Of superstition dress'd in wisdom's garb,
To damp your tender hopes ; I do not mean
To bid the jealous thund'rer fire the heav'ns,
Or shapes infernal rend the groaning earth 345
To fright you from your joys : my cheerful song
With better omens calls you to the field
Pleas'd with your gen'rous ardour in the chase,
And warm as you. Then tell me, for you know,
Does beauty ever deign to dwell where health 350
And active use are strangers ? Is her charm
Confess'd in aught, whose most peculiar ends
Are lame and fruitless ? Or did nature mean
This awful stamp the herald of a lie ;
To hide the shame of discord and disease, 355
And catch with fair hypocrisy the heart
Of idle faith ? O no ! with better cares
Th' indulgent mother, conscious how infirm
Her offspring tread the path of good and ill,
By this illustrious image, in each kind 360
Still more illustrious where the object holds
Its native powers most perfect, she by this,

Illumes

22 The PLEASURES

Illumes the headlong impulse of desire,
 And sanctifies his choice. The generous glebe
 Whose bosom smiles with verdure, the clear tract 375
 Of streams delicious to the thirsty soul,
 The bloom of nectar'd frustage ripe to sense,
 And every charm of animated things,
 Are only pledges of a state sincere,
 Th' integrity and order of their frame, 370
 When all is well within, and every end
 Accomplish'd. Thus was beauty sent from heav'n,
 The lovely mistress of truth and good
 In this dark world : for (1) truth and good are one,
 And beauty dwells in them, and they in her, 375
 With like participation. Wherefore then,
 O sons of earth ! would you dissolve the tie ?
 O wherefore, with a rash, imperfect aim,
 Seek you those flow'ry joys with which the hand
 Of lavish fancy paints each flatt'ring scene 380
 Where beauty seems to dwell, nor once enquire
 Where is the sanction of eternal truth,
 Or where the seal of undeceitful good,
 To save your search from folly ? Wanting these
 Lo ! beauty withers in your void embrace, 385
 And with the glitt'ring of an idiot's toy
 Did fancy mock your vows. Nor let the gleam
 Of youthful hope that shines upon your hearts,
 Be chill'd or clouded at this awful talk
 To learn the lore of undeceitful good, 390
 And truth eternal. Tho' the pois'nous charms
 Of baleful superstition, guide the feet

Of

BOOK I. of IMAGINATION. 23

Of servile numbers, thro' a dreary way
 To their abode, thro' deserts, thorns and mire ;
 And leave the wretched pilgrim all forlorn 395
 To muse, at last amid, the ghostly gloom
 Of graves, and hoary vaults, and cloister'd cells ;
 To walk with spectres thro' the midnight shade,
 And to the screaming owl's accursed song
 Attune the dreadful workings of his heart ; 400
 Yet be not you dismay'd. A gentler star
 Your lovely search illumines. From the grove
 Where wisdom talk'd with her Athenian sons,
 Could my ambitious hand entwine a wreath
 Of PLATO's olive with the Mantuan bay, 405
 Then should my pow'rful voice at once dispel
 These monkish horrors : then in light divine
 Disclose th' Elysian prospect, where the steps
 Of those whom nature charms, thro' blooming walks,
 Thro' fragrant mountains and poetic streams, 410
 Amid the train of sages, heroes, bards,
 Led by their winged Genius and the choir
 Of laurel'd science and harmonious art,
 Proceed exulting to th' eternal shrine,
 Where truth inthron'd with her cœlestial twins, 415
 The undivided part'ners of her sway,
 With good and beauty reigns. O let not us,
 Lull'd by luxurious pleasure's languid strain,
 Or crouching to the frowns of bigot-age,
 O let not us a moment pause to join 420
 The god-like band. And if the gracious pow'r
 That first awaken'd my untutor'd song,

24 The PLEASURES

Will to my invocation breathe anew
 The tuneful spirit ; then thro' all our paths,
 Ne'er shall the sound of this devoted lyre 425
 Be wanting , whether on the rosy mead,
 When summer smiles, to warn the melting heart
 Of luxury's allurements ; whether firm
 Against the torrent and the stubborn hill
 To urge bold virtues' unremitted nerve, 430
 And wake the strong divinity of soul
 That conquers chance and fate ; or whether struck
 For sounds of triumph, to proclaim her toils
 Upon the lofty summit round her brow
 To twine the wreath of incorruptive praise ; 435
 To trace her hallow'd light thro' future worlds,
 And bless heav'n's image in the heart of man.

Thus with a faithful aim have we presum'd,
 Advent'rous, to delineate nature's form ;
 Whether in vast, majestic pomp array'd, 440
 Or dress'd for pleasant wonder, or serene
 In beauty's rosy smile. It now remains
 Thro' various being's fair-proportion'd scale,
 To trace the rising lustre of her charms,
 From their first twilight, shining forth at length 445
 To full meridian splendour. Of degree
 The least and lowliest, in th' effusive warmth
 Of colours mingling with a random blaze,
 Deep beauty dwell. Then higher in the line
 And variation of determin'd shape, 450
 Where truth's eternal measures mark the bound

Of

BOOK I. of IMAGINATION. 25

Of circle, cube, or sphere. The third ascent
Unites the various symmetry of parts
With colour's bland allurement ; as the pearl
Shines in the concave of its azure bed, 455
And painted shells indent their speckled wreath.
Then more attractive rise the blooming forms
Thro' which the breath of nature has infus'd
Her genial pow'r to draw with pregnant veins
Nutritious moisture from the bounteous earth, 460
In fruit and seed prolific : thus the flow'rs
Their purple honours with the spring resume ;
And such the stately tree which autumn bends
With blushing treasures. But more lovely still
Is nature's charm, where to the full consent 465
Of complicated members, to the bloom
Of colour, and the vital change of growth,
Life's holy flame and piercing sense are giv'n,
And active motion speak the temper'd soul :
So moves the bird of Juno ; so the steed 470
With rival ardour beats the dusty plain,
And faithful dogs with eager airs of joy
Salute their fellows. Then doth beauty dwell
There most conspicuous, ev'n in outward shape,
Where dawns the high expressions of a mind : 475
By steps conducting our enraptur'd search
To that eternal origin, whose pow'r,
Thro' all th' unbounded symmetry of things,
Like rays effulging from the parent sun,
This endless mixture of her charms diffus'd, 480
MIND, MIND alone, bear witness earth and heav'n !

26 The PLEASURES

The living fountains in itself contains
 Of beauteous and sublime : here hand in hand,
 Sit paramount the graces, here inthron'd,
 Cœlestial Venus, with divinest airs 485
 Invites the soul to never-fading joy.
 Look then abroad thro' nature to the range
 Of planets, suns, and adamantine spheres
 Wheeling unshaken thro' the void immense ;
 And speak, O man ! does this capacious scene 490
 With half that kindling majesty dilate
 Thy strong conception, (*m*) as when Brutus rose
 Refulgent from the stroke of Cæsar's fate,
 Amid the croud of patriots, and his arm
 Aloft extending like eternal Jove 495
 When guilt brings down the thunder, call'd aloud
 On Tully's head, and shook his crimson steel,
 And bade the father of his country, hail !
 For lo ! the tyrant prostrate on the dust,
 And Rome again is free ? ----- Is aught so fair 500
 In all the dewy landscapes of the spring,
 In the bright eye of Hesper or the morn,
 In nature's fairest forms, is aught so fair
 As virtuous friendship ? as the candid blush
 Of him who strives with fortune to be just ? 505
 The graceful tear that streams for other's woes ?
 Or the mild majesty of private life,
 Where peace with ever-blooming olive crowns
 The gate ; where honour's liberal hands effuse
 Unenvy'd treasures, and the snowy wings 510
 Of innocence and love protect the scene ?

Once

BOOK I. of IMAGINATION. 27

Once more search, undismay'd, the dark profound
 Where nature works in secret ; view the beds
 Of min'ral treasure, and th' eternal vault
 That bounds the hoary ocean , trace the forms 515
 Of atoms moving with incessant change
 Their elemental round ; behold the seeds
 Of being, and the energy of life
 Kindling the mass with ever-active flame :
 Then to the secrets of the working mind 520
 Attentive turn ; from dim oblivion call
 Her fleet ideal band : and bid them, go !
 Break thro' times barrier, and o'ertake the hour
 That saw the heavens created : then declare
 If aught were found in those external scenes 525
 To move thy wonder now. For what are all
 The forms which brute, unconscious matter wears,
 Greatness of bulk, or symmetry of parts ?
 Not reaching to the heart, soon feeble grows
 The superficial impulse ; dull their charms, 530
 And satiate soon, and pall the languid eye.
 Not so the moral species, or the pow'rs
 Of genius and design ; th' ambitious mind
 There sees her self : by these congenial forms
 Touch'd and awaken'd, with intenser act 535
 She bends each nerve, and meditates well-pleas'd
 Her features in the mirror. For of all
 Th' inhabitants of earth, to man alone
 Creative wisdom gave to lift his eye
 To truth's eternal measures ; thence to frame 540
 The sacred laws of action and of will,

28 The PLEASURE

Discerning justice from unequal deeds,
 And temperance from folly. But beyond
 This energy of truth, whose dictates bind
 Assenting reason, the benignant fire, 545
 To deck the honour'd paths of just and good,
 Has added bright imagination's rays :
 (n) Where virtue, rising from the awful depth
 Of truth's mysterious bosom, doth forsake
 The unadorn'd condition of her birth ; 550
 And dress'd by fancy in ten thousand hues,
 Assumes a various feature, to attract,
 With charms responsive to each gazer's eye,
 The hearts of men. Amid his rural walk,
 Th' ingenuous youth whom solitude inspires 555
 With purest wishes, from the pensive shade
 Beholds her moving, like a virgin-muse
 That wakes her lyre to some indulgent theme
 Of harmony and wonder : while among
 The herd of servile minds her strenuous form 560
 Indignant flashes on the patriot's eye,
 And thro' the rolls of memory appeals
 To ancient honour ; or in act serene,
 Yet watchful raises the majestic sword
 Of public pow'r, from dark ambition's reach 565
 To guard the sacred volume of the laws.

GENIUS of ancient Greece ! whose faithful steps
 Well-pleas'd I follow thro' the sacred paths
 Of nature and of science : nurse divine
 Of all heroic deeds and fair desires ! 570
O !

BOOK I. of IMAGINATION. 29.

O ! let the breath of thy extended praise
 Inspire my kindling bosom to the height
 Of this untempted theme. Nor be my thoughts
 Presumptuous counted, if, amid the calm
 That sooths this vernal evening into smiles, 575
 I steal impatient from the fordid haunts
 Of strife, and low ambition, to attend
 Thy sacred presence in the sylvan shade,
 By their malignant footsteps ne'er prophan'd.
 Descend, propitious ! to my favour'd eye ; 580
 Such in thy mien, thy warm, exalted air,
 As when the Persian tyrant, foil'd and stung
 With shame and desperation, gnash'd his teeth
 To see thee rend the pageants of his throne ;
 And at the lightning of thy lifted spear 585
 Crouch'd like a slave. Bring all thy martial spoils,
 Thy palms, thy laurels, thy triumphal songs,
 Thy smiling band of arts, thy godlike fires
 Of civil wisdom, thy heroic youth
 Warm from the schools of glory. Guide my way 590
 Thro' fair (o) Lycæum's walk, the green retreats
 Of (p) Academus, and the thymy vale,
 Where oft enchanted with Socratic sounds
 (q) Ilissus pure devolv'd his tuneful stream
 In gentler murmurs. From the blooming store 595
 Of these auspicious fields, may I unblam'd
 Transplant some living blossoms to adorn
 My native clime : while far above the flight
 Of fancy's plume aspiring, I unlock

The

30 The PLEASURES &c.

The springs of ancient wisdom ; while I join 600
 Thy name, thrice honour'd ! with th' immortal praise
 Of nature, while to my compatriot youth
 I point the high example of thy sons,
 And tune to Attic themes, the British lyre.



NOTES

On BOOK the FIRST.

(a) Line 7] **T**HE word MUSICAL is here taken in its original and most extensive import ; comprehending as well the pleasures we receive from the beauty or magnificence of *natural* objects, as those which arise from poetry, painting, music, or any other of the imaginative arts. In which sense it has been already used in our language by writers of unquestionable authority.

(b) Line 45 *Yet not unconscious.*] Lucret. l. 2. v. 921.

*Nec me animi fallit quam sint obscura, sed acri
 Percussit thyrsos laudis spes magna meum cor,
 Et simul incussit suavem mihi in pectus amorem
 Musarum ; quæ nunc instinctus mente vigenti
 Avia Pieridum peragro loca, nullius ante
 Trita solo : juvat integros accedere fontibus,
 Atque haurire : juvatque novos discerpere flores
 Insignem meo capiti petere inde coronam,
 Unde prius nulli velarint tempora Musæ.*

(c) Line

(c) Line 109. *As Memnon's marble harp.*] The statue of *Memnon*, so famous in antiquity, stood in the temple of *Serapis* at *Thebes*, one of the cities of old *Egypt*. It was of a very hard, iron-like stone, and, according to *Juvenal*, held in its hand a lyre, which being touched by the sun-beams, emitted a distinct and agreeable sound. *Tacitus* mentions it as one of the principle curiosities which *Germanicus* took notice of in his journey through *Egypt*; and *Strabo* affirms that he, with many others heard it.

(d) Line 151 *Say why was man, &c.*] In apologizing for the frequent negligence of sublimest authors of *Greece*; *Those god-like geniuses, says Longinus, were well assured that nature had not intended man for a low-spirited or ignoble being: but bringing us into life and the midst of this wide universe, as before a multitude assembled at some heroic solemnity that we might be spectators of all her magnificence, and candidates high in emulation for the prize of glory; she has therefore implanted in our souls an inextinguishable love of every thing great and exalted, of every thing which appears divine above our comprehension. Whence it comes to pass, that even the whole world is not an object sufficient for the depth and rapidity of human imagination, which often sallies forth beyond the limits of all that surrounds us. Let any man cast his eye through the whole circle of our existence, and consider how especially it abounds in excellent and grand objects, he will soon acknowledge for what enjoyments and pursuits we are destined. Thus by the very propensity of our nature, we are led to admire, not little springs, or shallow rivulets, however clear and delicious, but the Nile, the Rhine, the Danube and much more than all, the ocean, &c. Dion. Long. de Subl. §. xxxiv.*

(e) Line 202, *Th' empyreal waste.*] *Ne se peut-il point qu'il y a un grand espace au-delà de la région des étoiles?*

Que

Que ce soit le ciel empyréé, ou non, toujours cete espace immense qui environne toute cete region, pourra être rempli de bonheur & de gloire. Il pourra être conçu comme l'océan, où se redent les fleuves de toutes le creatures bienheureuses, grand elles seront venues à leur perfection dans le système des étoiles. Leibnitz dans la Theodice, part. i. §. 19.

(f) Line 204. *Whose unfading light, &c.*] It was a notion of the great M. *Huygens*, that there may be fix'd stars at such a distance from our solar system, as that their light shall not have had time to reach us, even from the creation of the world to this day.

(g) Line 234. ----- *the neglect*

Of all familiar prospects, &c.] It is here said, that in consequence of the love of novelty, objects which at first weré highly delightful to the mind, lose that effect by repeated attention to them. But the instance of *habit* is opposed to this observation ; for *there*, objects at first distasteful are in time render'd intirely agreeable by repeated attention.

The difficulty in this case will be removed, if we consider, that when objects at first agreeable, lose that influence by frequently recurring, the mind is wholly *passive* and the perception *involuntary* ; but habit, on the other hand, generally supposes *choice* and *activity* accompanying it : so that the pleasure arises here not from the object, but from the mind's *conscious* determination of its own activity ; and consequently increases in proportion to the frequency of that determination.

It will still be urged perhaps, that a familiarity with objects renders them at length acceptable, even when there is no room for the mind to *resolve* or *act* at all. In this case, the appearance must be accounted for, one of these ways.

The

The pleasure from habit may be merely negative. The object, at first, gave uneasiness : this uneasiness gradually wears off as the object grows familiar ; and the mind finding it at last entirely remov'd, reckons its situation really pleasurable, compar'd with what it had experienc'd before.

The dislike conceiv'd of the objects at first, might be owing to prejudice or want of attention. Consequently the mind being necessitated to review it often, may at length perceive its own mistake, and be reconcil'd to what it had look'd on with aversion. In which case a sort of instinctive justice naturally leads it to make amends for the injury, by running toward the other extreme of fondness and attachment.

Or lastly, tho' the object itself should always continue disagreeable, yet circumstances of pleasure or good fortune may occur along with it. Thus an association may arise in the mind, and the object never be remember'd without those pleasing circumstances attending it ; by which means the disagreeable impression it at first occasion'd will in time be quite obliterated.

(b) Line 240 -----*this desire*

Of objects new and strange-----] These two ideas are oft confounded ; tho' it is evident the meer *novelty* of an object makes it agreeable, even where the mind is not affected with the least degree of *wonder* : whereas *wonder* indeed always implies *novelty*, being never excited by common or well-known appearances. But the pleasure in both cases is explicable from the same final cause, the acquisition of knowledge and enlargement of our views of nature : and on this account it is natural to treat of them together

(i) Line 288. *Atlantic isles*:] By these islands, which were also called the *Fortunate*, the ancients are now generally supposed to have meant the *Canaries*. They

celebrated by the poets for the mildness and fertility of the climate ; for the gardens of the daughters of *Hesperus*, the brother of *Atlas* ; and the dragon which constantly watched their golden fruit, till it was slain by the *Tyrian Hercules*.

(k) Line 296. *Where gliding thro' his daughter's honour'd shades.*] *Daphne* the daughter of *Pentus*, transform'd into a laurel.

(l) Line 234. ----- *Truth and good are one, And beauty dwells in them, &c.*] Do you imagine says *Socrates* to his libertine disciple, that what is good is not also beautiful ? Have you not observed that these appearances always co-incide ? *Virtue*, for instance, in the same respect as to which we call it good, is ever acknowledged to be beautiful also. In the characters of men we always join the two denominations together. The beauty of human bodies corresponds in like manner, with that oecconomy of parts which constitutes them good ; and in all the circumstances which occur in life, the same object is constantly accounted both beautiful and good, inasmuch as it answers the purposes for which it was design'd. *Xenophon*. memorab. *Socrat.* l. 3. c. 8.

This excellent observation has been illustrated and extended by the noble restorer of ancient philosophy ; see the *Characteristics*, vol. 2. p. 399. & 422. & vol. 3. p 181. And his most ingenious disciple has particularly shewn, that it holds in the general laws of nature, in the works of art, and the conduct of the sciences. *Inquiry into the original of our ideas of beauty and virtue* ; *Treat.* 1. §. 8. As to the connexion between beauty and truth, there are two opinions concerning it. Some philosophers assert an independent and invariable law in nature, in consequence of which all rational beings must alike perceive beauty in some certain proportions, and deformity in the contrary. And this necessity being

ing supposed the same with that which commands the assent or dissent of the understanding, it follows of course that *beauty* is founded on the universal and unchangeable law of *truth*.

But others there are who believe *beauty* to be merely a relative and arbitrary thing; that indeed it was a benevolent design in nature to annex so delightful a sensation to those objects which are *best and most perfect in themselves*, that so we might be engaged to the choice of them at once and without staying to infer their *usefulness* from their structure and effects; but that it is not impossible, in a physical sense, that two beings, of equal capacities for *truth*, should perceive, one of them *beauty* and the other *deformity* in the same relations. And upon this supposition, by that *truth* which is always connected with *beauty*, nothing more can be meant than the conformity of any object to those proportions upon which after careful examination, the beauty of that species is found to depend. *Polyclitus*, for instance, the famous sculptor of *Sycion*, from an accurate mensuration of the most perfect human bodies, deduced a canon or system of proportions, which was the rule of all succeeding artists. Suppose a statue model'd according to this canon, a man of meer natural taste, upon looking at it, without looking into its proportions, confesses and admires its *beauty*; whereas a professor of the art applies his measures to the head, the neck or the hand, and without attending to its beauty, pronounces the workmanship to be *just and true*.

(m) Line 492. *As when Brutus rose, &c.* Cicero himself describes this fact ----- *Cæsare interfecto --- statim cœuentum aliè extollens M. Brutus pugionem, Ciceronem nominatim exclamauit, atque ei recuperatam libertatem est gratulatus.* Cic. Philipp. 2. 12.

(n) Line 548. *Where virtue rising from the awful depth.* Of

Of truth's mysterious bosom) &c. According to the opinion of those who assert *moral obligation* to be founded on an immutable and universal law, and that pathetic feeling which is usually call'd the moral sense, to be determin'd by the peculiar temper of the imagination and the earliest associations of ideas.

(o) Line 591. *Lyceum*) The school of *Aristotle*.

(p) Line 592. *Academy*.) The school of *Plato*.

(q) Line 594. *Iliissus*.) One of the rivers on which *Athens* was situated. *Plato*, in some of his finest dialogues, lays the scene of the conversation with *Socrates* on its banks.



The



ARGUMENT of the

SECOND BOOK.

THE separation of the works of imagination from philosophy, the cause of their abuse among the moderns ; to verse 41. Prospect of their re-union under the influence of publick liberty ; to v. 61. Enumeration of accidental pleasures, which increase the effect of objects delightful to the imagination. The pleasures of sense ; v. 73. Particular circumstances of the mind ; v. 84. Discovery of truth ; v. 97. Perception of contrivance and design ; v. 121. Emotion of the passions ; v. 136. All the natural passions partake of a pleasing sensation, with the final cause of this constitution illustrated by an allegorical vision, and exemplified in sorrow, pity, terror and indignation ; from v. 155 to the end.

THE



T H E
P L E A S U R E S
O F
I M A G I N A T I O N

BOOK the SECOND.

WHEN all the laurel and the vocal string
Resume their honours ? When shall we behold
The tuneful tongue, the Promethéan band
Aspire to antient praise ? Alas ! how faint,
How slow the dawn of beauty and of truth 5
Breaks the reluctant shades of Gothic night
Which yet involve the nations, long they groan'd
Beneath the furies of rapacious force ;
Oft as the gloomy north, with iron swarms
Tempestuous pouring from her frozen caves, 10
Blasted th^e Italian shore, and swept the works
Of liberty and wisdom down the gulph

or

BOOK II. of IMAGINATION. 39

Of all-devouring night, As long immur'd
 In noontide darkness by the glimm'ring lamp,
 Each muse and each fair science pin'd away 15
 The fordid hours : while foul barbarian hands
 Their mysteries profan'd, unstrung the lyre
 And chain'd the soaring pinion down to earth.
 At last the muses rose, (a) and spurn'd their bonds,
 And wildly warbling scatter'd as they flew, 20
 Their blooming wreaths from fair (b) Valclusa's bow'rs
 To (c) Arno's myrtle border and the shore
 Of soft (d) Parthenope. But still the rage
 (e) Of dire ambition and gigantic pow'r,
 From publick aims and from the busy walk 25
 Of civil commerce, drove the bolder train
 Of penetrating science to the cells,
 Where studious ease consumes the silent hour,
 In shadowy searches, and unfruitful care.
 (f) Thus from their guardians torn, the tender arts 30
 Of mimic fancy and harmonious joy,
 To priestly domination and the lust
 Of lawless courts, their amiable toil
 For three inglorious ages have resign'd,
 In vain reluctant : and Torquato's tongue 35
 Was tun'd for slavish pæans at the throne
 Of tinsel pomp ; and Raphael's magic hand
 Effus'd its fair creation to inchant
 The fond adoring herd in Latian fanes
 To blind belief ; while on their prostrate necks 40
 The sable tyrant plants his heel secure.
 But now behold ! the radiant æra dawns

When

40 The PLEASURES

When freedom's ample fabric, fix'd at length
For endless years on Albion's happy shore.
In full proportion, once more shall extend 45
To all the kindred pow'rs of social bliss,
A common ransom, a parental roof.
There shall the virtues, there shall wisdom's train
Their long-lost friends rejoining, as of old,
Embrace the smiling family of arts, 50
The muses and the graces. Then no more
Shall vice distracting their delicious gifts
To aims abhorr'd, with high distaste and scorn
Turn from their charms the philosophic eye,
The patriot-hoform : then no more the paths 55
Of publick care, or intellectual toil
Alone by footsteps haughty and severe
In gloomy state be trod : th' harmonious muse
And her persuasive sisters then shall plant
Their sheelt'ring laurels o'er the bleak ascent, 60
And shed their flow'rs along their rugged way,
Arm'd with the lyre, already have we dar'd
To pierce divine philosophy's retreats,
And teach the muse her lore ; already strove
Their long divided honours to unite, 65
While temp'ring this deep argument we sang
Of truth and beauty. Now the same fair task
Impends ; now urging our ambitious toil,
We hasten to recount the various springs
Of adventitious pleasure, which adjoin 70
Their grateful influence to the prime effect
Of objects grand or beauteous, and inlarge

The

BOOK II. of IMAGINATION. 41

The complicated joy. The sweets of sense,
Do they not oft with kind accession flow,
To raise harmonious fancy's native charm ? 75
So while we taste the fragrance of the rose
Glow not her blush the fairer ? while we view
Amid the noon-tide walk a limpid rill
Gush thro' the trickling herbage, to the thirst
Of summer yielding the delicious draught 80
Of cool refreshment ; o'er the mossy brink
Shines not the surface clearer, and the waves
With sweeter music murmur as they flow ?

NOR this alone ; the various lot of life
Oft from external circumstance assumes 85
A moment's disposition to rejoice
In those delights which at a different hour
Would pass unheeded. Fair the face of spring,
When rural songs and odours wake the morn,
To every eye ; but how much more to his, 90
Round whom the bed of sickness long diffus'd
Its melancholy gloom ! how doubly fair,
When first with fresh-born vigour HE inhales
The balmy breeze, and feels the blessed sun
Warm at his bosom, from the springs of life 95
Chasing oppressive damps and languid pain !

OR shall I mention where coelestial truth
Her awful light discloses, to effulge
A more majestic pomp on beauty's frame ?
For man loves knowledge, and the beams of truth 100

More welcome touch his understanding's eye,
 Than all the blandishments of sound, his ear,
 Than all of taste his tongue. Nor ever yet
 The melting rainbow's vernal-tinctur'd hues
 To me have shone so pleasing, as when first 105
 The hand of science pointed out the path
 In which the sun-beams gleaming from the west
 Fall on the watry cloud, whose darksome veil
 Involves the orient ; and that trickling show'r
 Piercing thro' every crystalline convex 110
 Of clustring dew-drops to their flight oppos'd,
 Recoil at length where concave all behind
 Th' internal surface of each glassy orb
 Repells their forward passage into air ;
 That thence direct they seek the radiant goal 115
 From which their course began ; and, as they strike
 In diff'rent lines the gazer's obvious eye,
 Assume a diff'rent lustre, thro' the brede
 Of colours changing from the splendid rose
 To the pale violet's dejected hue. 120

OR shall we touch that kind access of joy,
 That springs to each fair object, while we trace,
 Thro' all its fabric, wisdom's artful aim
 Disposing every part, and gaining still
 By means proportion'd her benignant end ? 121
 Speak, ye, the pure delight, whose favour'd steps
 The lamp of science thro' the jealous maze
 Of nature guides, when haply you reveal
 Her secret honours : whether in the sky,

The

BOOK II. of IMAGINATION. 43

The beauteous laws of light, the cen'tral pow'rs 130

That wheel the pensile planets round the year,

Whether in wonders of the rowling deep,

Or smiling-fruits of pleasure-pregnant earth,

Or fine adjusted springs of life and sense,

You scan the counsels of their author's hand. 135

W H A T, when to raise the meditated scene,

The flame of passion, thro' the struggling soul

Deep-kindled, shows across that sudden blaze

The object of its rapture, vast of size,

With fiercer colours, and a night of shade ? 140

What ? like a storm from their capacious bed,

The sounding seas o'erwhelming, when the might

Of these eruptions, working from the depth

Of man's strong apprehension, shakes his frame

Ev'n to the base ; from every naked sense 155

Of pain or pleasure dissipating all

Opinion's feeble cov'rings, and the veil

Spun from the cobweb-fashion of the times

To hide the feeling heart ? • Then nature speaks

Her genuine language, and the words of men, 150

Big with the very motion of their souls,

Declare with what accumulated force,

Th' impetuous nerve of passion urges on

The native weight and energy of things.

Y E T more ; her honours where nor beauty claims

Nor shews of good the thirsty sense allure, 156

(g) From passions power alone our nature holds

Essential Pleasure. Passion's fierce illapse
 Rouzes the mind's whole fabrick ; with supplies
 Of daily impulse keeps the elastic pow'r's 160
 Intensely poiz'd, and polishes anew
 By that collision all the fine machine :
 Elle rust would rise, and foulness by degrees
 Incumb'ring, choak at last what heav'n design'd
 For ceaseless motion and a round of toil. 165
 ---- But say, does every passion men endure
 Thus minister delight ? That name indeed
 Becomes the rosy breath of love ; becomes
 The radiant smiles of joy, th' applauding hand
 Of admiration : but the bitter show'r 170
 That sorrow sheds upon a brother's grave,
 But the dumb palsy of nocturnal fear,
 Or those consuming fires that gnaw the heart
 Of panting indignation ; find we there
 To move delight ? --- Then listen, while my tongue
 Th' unalter'd will of heav'n with faithful awe 176
 Reveals ; what old Harmodius wont to teach
 My early age ; Harmodius, who had weigh'd
 Within his learned mind, whate'er the schools
 Of wisdom, or thy lonely whisp'ring voice 180
 O faithful nature ! dictate of the laws
 Which govern and support this mighty frame
 Of universal being. Oft the hours
 From morn to eve have stole unmark'd away
 While mute attention hung upon his lips, 185
 As thus the sage his awful tale began.

BOOK II. of IMAGINATION. 45

'TWAS in the windings of an ancient wood,
 When spotless youth with solitude refigns
 To sweet philosophy the studious day,
 What time pale autumn shades the silent eve, 190
 Musing I rov'd. Of good and evil much,
 And much of mortal man my thought revolv'd ;
 When staring full on fancy's gushing eye,
 The mournful image of Parthenia's fate,
 That hour, O long belov'd and long deplor'd ! 195
 When blooming youth, nor gentlest wisdom's arts,
 Nor Hymen's honours gather'd for thy brow,
 Nor all thy lovers, all thy father's tears
 Avail to snatch thee from the cruel grave ;
 Thy agonizing looks, thy last farewell 200
 Struck to the inmost feeling of my soul
 As with the hand of death. At once the shade
 More horrid nodded o'er me, and the winds
 With hoarser murm'ring shook the branches. Dark
 As midnight storms, the scene of human things, 205
 Appear'd before me ; desarts, burning sands
 Where the parch'd adder dies ; the frozen south,
 And desolation blasting all the west
 With rapine and with murder ; tyrant-power
 Here sits enthron'd in blood ; the baleful charms 210
 Of superstition there infect the skies,
 And turn the sun to horror. Gracious heav'n !
 What is the life of man ? Or cannot these,
 Not these portents thy awful will suffice ?
 That propagated thus beyond their scope, 215
 They rise to act their cruelties anew

46 The PLEASURES

In my afflicted bosom, thus decreed
The universal sensitive of pain,
The wretched heir of evils not his own !

THUS I, impatient ; when at once effus'd, 220
A flashing torrent of celestial day
Burst thro' the shadowy void. With slow descent
A purple cloud came floating thro' the sky,
And pois'd at length within the circling trees,
Hung obvious to my view : till opening wide 225
It's lucid orb, a more than human form
Emerging lean'd majestic o'er my head,
And instant thunder shook the conscious grove.
Then melted into air the liquid cloud,
And all the shining vision stood reveal'd. 230
A wreath of palm his ample forehead bound,
And o'er his shoulder, mantling to his knee,
Flow'd the transparent robe, around his waist
Collected with a radiant zone of gold
Ætherial : there in mystic signs engrav'd, 235
I read his office high and sacred name,
Genius of human kind. Appall'd I gaz'd
The god-like presence ; for athwart his brow
Displeasure, temper'd with a mild concern,
Look'd down reluctant on me, and his words 240
Like distant thunders broke the murmur'ing air.

VAIN are thy thoughts, O child of mortal birth
And impotent thy tongue. Is thy short span
Capacious of this universal frame ?

Thy

BOOK II. of IMAGINATION. 47

Thy wisdom's all-sufficient ? Thou, alas ! 245

Dost thou aspire to judge between the Lord

Of nature and his works ? to lift thy voice

Against the sov'reign order he decreed

All good and lovely ? to blaspheme the bands

Of tenderness innate and social love

250

Holiest of things ! by which the general orb

Of being, as with adamant links,

Was drawn to perfect union and sustain'd

From everlasting ? Hast thou felt the pangs

Of soft'ning sorrow, of indignant zeal

255

So grievous to thy soul, as thence to wish

The ties of nature broken from thy frame ;

That so thy selfish, unrelenting heart

May cease to mourn its lot, no longer then

The wretched heir of evils not its own ?

260

O fair benevolence of gen'rous minds !

O man by nature form'd for all mankind !

He spoke ; abash'd and silent I remain'd,

As conscious of my lips offence, and aw'd

Before his presence, tho' my secret soul

265

Disdain'd the imputation. On the ground

I fix'd my eyes ; till from his airy couch

He stoop'd sublime, and touching with his hand

My dazzled forehead, Raise thy sight, he cry'd,

And let thy sense convince thine erring tongue. 270

I LOOK'D, and lo ! the former scene was chang'd ;

For verdant alleys and surrounding trees,

A

48 The PLEASURES

A solitary prospect, wide and wild,
 Rush'd on my senses. 'Twas a horrid pile
 Of hills with many a shaggy forrest mix'd, 275
 With many a sable cliff and glitt'ring stream.
 Aloft recumbent o'er the hanging ridge,
 The brown woods wav'd, while ever-trickling springs
 Wash'd from the naked roots of oak and pine,
 The crumbling soil ; and still at every fall 280
 Down the steep windings of the channel'd rock,
 Remurm'ring rush'd the congregated floods
 With hoarser inundation ; till at last
 They reach'd a grassy plain, which from the skirts
 Of that high desert spread her verdant lap
 And drank the gushing moisture, where confin'd
 In one smooth current, o'er the lillied vale
 Clearer than glass it flow'd. Autumnal spoils
 Luxuriant spreading to the rays of morn,
 Blush'd o'er the cliffs, whose half incircling mound
 As in a sylvan theatre inclos'd 291
 That flow'ry level. On the river's brink
 I spy'd a fair pavilion, which diffus'd
 Its floating umbrage 'mid the silver shade
 Of osiers. Now the western sun reveal'd 295
 Between two parting cliffs his golden orb,
 And pour'd across the shadow of the hills,
 On rocks and floods, a yellow stream of light
 That cheer'd the solemn scene. My list'ning pow'rs
 Were aw'd, and every thought in silence hung, 300
 And wond'ring expectation. Then the voice
 Of that celestial pow'r, the mystic show
 Declaring, thus my deep attention call'd.

(b) INHABITANT

BOOK II. of IMAGINATION. 49

(b) INHABITANT of earth, to whom is giv'n
 The gracious ways of providence to learn, 305
 Receive my sayings with a steadfast ear -----
 Know then, the sov'reign spirit of the world,
 Tho' self-collected from eternal time,
 Within his own deep essence he beheld
 The circling bounds of happiness unite ; 310
 Yet by immense benignity inclin'd
 To spread around him that primæval joy
 Which fill'd himself, he rais'd his plastic arm
 And sounded through the hollow depth of space
 The strong, creative mandate. Strait arose 315
 These heav'nly orbs, the glad abodes of life
 Effusive kindled by his breath divine
 Thro' endless forms of being. Each inhal'd
 From him its portion of the vital flame,
 In measure such, that from the wide complex 320
 Of co-existent orders, ONE might rise,
 (i) ONE order all-involving and entire.

HE too beholding in the sacred light
 Of his essential reason, all the shapes
 Of swift contingency, all successive ties 325
 Of action propagated thro' the sum
 Of possible-existence, he at once,
 Down the long series of eventful time,
 So fix'd the dates of being, so dispos'd,
 To every living soul of every kind, 330
 The field of motion and the hour of rest,

50 The PLEASURES

That all conspir'd to his supreme design,
 To universal good ; with full accord,
 Answ'ring the mighty model he had chose,
 (†) The best and fairest of unnumber'd worlds 335
 That lay from everlasting in the store
 Of his divine conceptions. Nor content,
 By ONE exertion of creating pow'r,
 His goodness to reveal ; thro' every age,
 Thro' every moment up the tract of time, 340
 His parent-hand with ever-new increase
 Of happiness and virtue has adorn'd
 The vast harmonious frame : his parent-hand,
 From the mute shell-fish gaping on the shore,
 To men, to angels, to celestial minds, 345
 For ever leads the generations on
 To higher scenes of being ; while supply'd
 From day to day by his enlivening breath,
 Inferior orders in succession rise
 To fill the void below. (†) As flame ascends, 350
 As bodies to their proper center move,
 As the pois'd ocean to th' attracting moon
 Obedient swells, and every headlong stream
 Devolves it's winding waters to the main ;
 So all things which have life aspire to GOD, 355
 The sun of being, boundless, unimpar'd,
 Center of souls ! Nor does the faithful voice
 Of nature cease to prompt their eager steps
 Aright ; nor is the care of heav'n withheld
 From granting to the task proportion'd aid ; 360
 That in their stations all might persevere

To

BOOK II. of IMAGINATION. 51

To climb th' ascent of being, and approach
For ever nearer to the life divine.

THAT rocky pile thou seest, that verdant lawn
Fresh water'd from the mountains. Let the scene 365
Paint in thy fancy the primæval seat
Of man, and where the will supreme ordain'd
His mansion, that pavilion fair-diffus'd
Along the shady brink, in this recess
To wear th' appointed season of his youth ; 370
Till riper hours should open to his toil
The high communion of superior minds,
Of consecrated heroes and of gods.
Nor did the fire omnipotent forget
His tender bloom to cherish ; nor withheld 375
Celestial footsteps from his green abode.
Oft from the radiant honours of his throne,
He sent whom most he lov'd, the sov'reign fair,
The effluence of his glory, whom he plac'd
Before his eyes for ever to behold ; 380
The goddesses from whose inspiration flows
The toil of patriots, the delight of friends ;
Without whose work divine, in heav'n or earth,
Nought lovely, nought propitious comes to pass,
Nor hope, nor praise, nor honour. Her the fire 385
Gave it in charge to rear the blooming mind,
The folded powers to open, to direct
The growth luxuriant of his young desires,
And from the laws of this majestic world
To teach him what was good. As thus the nymph

Her daily care attended, by her side 390
 With constant steps her gay companion stay'd
 The fair Euphrosyné, the gentle queen
 Of smiles, and graceful gladness, and delights
 That cheer alike the hearts of mortal men 395
 And pow'rs immortal. See the shining pair !
 Behold where from his dwelling now disclos'd,
 They quit their youthful charge and seek the skies.

I LOOK'D, and on the flow'ry turf there stood,
 Between two radiant forms, a smiling youth 400
 Whose tender cheeks display'd the vernal flow'r
 Of beauty ; sweetest innocence illum'd
 His bashful eyes, and on his polish'd brow
 Sat young simplicity. With fond regard
 He view'd th' associates, as their steps they mov'd; 405
 The younger chief his ardent eyes detain'd,
 With mild regret invoking her return.
 Bright as the star of evening she appear'd
 Amid the dusky scene. Eternal youth
 O'er all her form it's glowing honours breath'd ; 410
 And smiles eternal, from her candid eyes,
 Flow'd like the dewy lustre of the morn.
 Effusive trembling on the placid waves.
 The spring of heav'n had shed it's blushing spoils
 To bind her sable tresses : full diffus'd 415
 Her yellow mantle floated in the breeze ;
 And in her hand she wav'd a living branch
 Rich with immortal fruits, of pow'r to calm
 The wrathful heart, and from the bright'ning eyes

BOOK II. of IMAGINATION. 53

To chase the cloud of sadness. More sublime 420
The heav'nly partn'ner mov'd. The prime of age
Compos'd her steps. The presence of a god
High on the circle of her brow enthron'd,
From each majestic motion darted awe,
Devoted awe ! till cherish'd by her looks 425
Benevolent and meek, confiding love
To filial rapture softned all the soul.
Free in her graceful hand she pois'd the sword
Of chaste dominion. An heroic crown
Display'd the old simplicity of pomp 430
Around her honour'd head. A matron's robe
White as the sun-shine streams thro' vernal clouds,
Her stately form invested. Hand in hand
Th' immortal pair forsook th' ennamell'd green,
Ascending slowly. Rays of limpid light 435
Gleam'd round their path ; celestial rounds were heard,
And thro' the fragrant air ætherial dews
Distill'd around them ; till at once the clouds
Disparting wide in midway sky, withdrew
Their airy veil, and left a bright expanse 440
Of empyréan flame, where spent and drown'd,
Afflicted vision plung'd in vain to scan
What object it involv'd. My feeble eyes
Endur'd not. Bending down to earth I stood
With dumb attention. Soon a female voice 445
As watry murmurs sweet, or warb'ling shades,
With sacred invocation thus began.

FATHER of gods and mortals ! whose right arm
With reins eternal guides the moving heav'ns, Ber

54 The PLEASURES

Bend thy propitious ear. Behold well-pleas'd 450

I seek to finish thy divine decree,

With frequent steps I visit yonder seat

Of man, thy offspring ; from the tender seeds

Of justice and of wisdom, to evolve

The latent honours of his gen'rous frame ; 455

Till thy conducting hand shall raise his lot

From earth's dim scene to these æthereal walks,

The temple of thy glory. But not me,

Not my directing voice he oft requires,

Or hears delighted : this enchanting maid, 460

Th' associate thou hast giv'n me, her alone

He loves, O father ! absent, her he craves ;

And but for her glad presence ever join'd,

Rejoices not in mine : that all my hopes

This thy benignant purpose to fulfil, 465

I deem uncertain ; and my daily cares

Unfruitful all in vain, unless by thee

Still farther aided in the work divine.

She ceas'd ; a voice more awful thus reply'd. 470

O thou ! in whom for ever I delight,

Fairer than all th' inhabitants of heaven,

Best image of thy author ! far from thee

Be disappointment, or distaste, or blame ;

Who soon or late shalt every work fulfil, 475

And no resistance find. If man refuse

To hearken to thy dictates ; or alar'd

By meaner joys, to any other pow'r

Transfer the honours due to thee alone ;

That

BOOK II. of IMAGINATION. 55

That joy which he pursues he ne'er shall taste,
That pow'r in whom delighteth ne'er behold. 480

Go then once more, and happy be thy toil ;
Go then ! but let not this thy smiling friend
Partake thy footsteps. In her stead, behold !

With thee the son of Nemesis I send ;
The fiend abhorr'd ! whose vengeance takes account
Of sacred orders, violated laws 486

See where he calls thee, burning to be gone,
Fierce to exhaust the tempest of his wrath
On yon devoted head. But thou, my child,
Controul his cruel frenzy, and protect 490

Thy tender charge. That when despair shall grasp
His agonizing bosom, he may learn,
Then he may learn to love the gracious hand,
Alone sufficient in that hour of ill,

To save his feeble spirit ; then confess 495
Thy genuine honours, O excelling fair !

When all the plagues that wait the deadly will
Of this avenging dæmon, all the storms
Of night infernal, serve but to display
The energy of thy superior charms 500

With mildest awe triumphant o'er his rage,
And shining clearer in the horrid gloom.

HERE ceas'd that awful voice, and soon I felt
The cloudy curtain of refreshing eve
Was clos'd once more, from that immortal fire 505
Shelt'ring my eye-lids. Looking up, I view'd
A vast gigantic spectre striding on

Thrr

56 • The PLEASURES

Thro' murmur'ing thunders and a waste of clouds,
 With dreadful action. Black as night his brow
 Relentless frowns involv'd. His savage limbs 510
 With sharp impatience violent he writh'd,
 As thro' convulsive anguish ; and his hand
 Arm'd with a scorpion lash, full oft he rais'd
 In madness to his bosom ; while his eyes
 Rain'd bitter tears, and bellowing loud he shook 515
 The void with horror. Silent by his side
 The virgin came. No discomposure stir'd
 Her features. From the glooms which hung around,
 No stain of darkness mingled with the beam
 Of her divine effulgence. Now they stoop 520
 Upon the river-bank, and now to hail
 His wonted guests, with eager steps advanc'd
 The unsuspecting inmate of the shade.

As when a famish'd wolf, that all night long
 Had rang'd the Alpine snows, by chance at morn 525
 Sees from a cliff incumbent o'er the smoke
 Of some lone village, a neglected kid
 That strays along the wild for herb or spring ;
 Down from the winding ridge he sweeps amain,
 And thinks he tears him : so with tenfold rage, 530
 The monster sprung remorseless on his prey.
 Amaz'd the stripling stood ; with panting breast
 Feebly he pour'd the lamentable wail
 Of helpless consternation. Struck at once,
 And rooted to the ground. The queen beheld 535
 His terror, and with looks of tend'rest care
 Advanc'd

BOOK II. of IMAGINATION. 57

Advanc'd to save him. Soon the tyrant felt
Her awful pow'r. His keen, tempestuous arm
Hung nerveless, nor descended where his rage
Had aim'd the deadly blow : then dumb retir'd, 540
With sullen rancour. Lo ! the sov'reign maid
Folds with a mother's arms the fainting boy,
Till life rekindles in his rosy cheek ;
Then grasps his hand, and cheers him with her tongue.

O WAKE thee, rouse thy spirit ! shall the spite 545
Of yon tormentor thus appall thy heart,
While I, thy friend and guardian, am at hand
To rescue and to heal ? O let thy soul
Remember what the will of heav'n ordains
Is ever good for all ; and if for all, 550
Then good for thee. Not only by the warmth
And soothing sun-shine of delightful things,
Do minds grow up and flourish. Oft misled
By that bland light, the young unpractis'd views
Of reason wander thro' a fatal road, 555
Far from their native aim : as if to lye
Inglorious in the fragrant shade, and wait
The soft access of ever-circling joys,
Were all the end of being. Ask thy self,
This pleasing error did it never lull 560
Thy wishes ? Has thy constant heart refus'd
The silken fetters of delicious ease ?
Or when divine Euphrosyné appear'd
Within this dwelling, did not thy desires
Hang far below that measure of thy fate, 565

Which

38 The PLEASURES

Which I reveal'd before thee ? and thy eyes,
 Impatient of my councils, turn away
 To drink the soft effusion of her smiles ?
 Know then, for this the everlasting fire
 Deprives thee of her presence, and instead, 570
 O wife and still benevolent ! ordains
 This horrid visage hither to pursue
 My steps ; that so thy nature may discern
 It's real good, and what alone can save
 Thy feeble spirit in this hour of ill 575
 From folly and despair. O yet belov'd !
 Let not this headlong terror quite o'erwhelm
 Thy scatter'd pow'rs ; nor fatal deem the rage
 Of this tormentor, nor his proud assault,
 While I am here to vindicate thy toil, 580
 Above the generous question of thy arm.
 Brave by thy fears, and in thy weakness strong,
 This hour he triumphs ; but confront his might,
 And dare him to the combat, then with ease
 Disarm'd and quell'd, his fierceness he resigns 585
 To bondage and to scorn : while thus inur'd
 By watchful danger, by unceasing toil,
 Th' immortal mind, superior to his fate
 Amid the outrage of external things,
 Firm as the solid base of this great world, 590
 Rests on it's own foundations. Blow, ye winds !
 Ye waves ! ye thunders ! rowl your tempest on ;
 Shake, ye old pillars of the marble sky !
 Till all it's orbs and all it's worlds of fire
 Be loosen'd from their seats ; yet still serene, 595
 Th'

BOOK II. of IMAGINATION. 59

Th' unconquer'd mind looks down upon the wreck,
And ever stronger as the storms advance,
Firm thro' the closing ruin holds it's way,
Where nature calls him to the destin'd goal.

So spake the goddess ; while thro' all her frame good
Celestial raptures flow'd, in every word,
In every motion kindling warmth divine
To seize who listned. Vehement and swift
As lightning fires the aromatic shade
In Æthiopian fields, the stripling felt 605
Her inspiration catch his fervid soul,
And starting from his languor, thus exclaim'd.

THEN let the trial come ! and witness thou,
If terror be upon me ; if I shrink
To meet the storm, or falter in my strength 610
When hardest it besets me. Do not think
That I am fearful and infirm of soul,
As late thy eyes beheld : for thou hast chang'd
My nature ; thy commanding voice has wak'd
My languid powers to bear me boldly on, 615
Where'er the will divine my path ordains
Thro' toil or peril : only do not thou
Forsake me ; O be thou for ever near,
That I may listen to thy sacred voice,
And guide by thy decrees my constant feet. 620
But say, for ever are my eyes bereft ?
Say, shall the fair Euphrosyné not once
Appear again to charm me ? Thou, in heav'n !

60 The PLEASURES

O thou eternal arbiter of things !
 Be thy great bidding done : for who am I 625
 To question thy appointment ? Let the frowns
 Of this avenger every morn o'ercast
 The chearful dawn, and every evening damp
 With double night my dwelling ; I will learn
 To hail them both, and unrepining bear 630
 His hateful presence ; but permit my tongue
 One glad request, and if my deeds may find
 Thy awful eye propitious, O restore
 The rosy-featur'd maid ; again to chear
 This lonely seat, and bless me with her smiles. 635
 He spoke ; when instant, thro' the sable glooms
 With which that furious presence had involv'd
 The ambient air, a flood of radiance came
 Swift as the light'ning-flash ; the melting clouds
 Flew diverse, and amid the blue serene 640
 Euphrosyné appear'd : With sprightly step
 The nymph alighted on th' irriguous lawn,
 And to her wond'ring audience thus begun.

Lo ! I am here to answer to your vows,
 And be the meeting fortunate ! I come 645
 With joyful tidings ; we shall part no more. ----
 Hark ! how the gentle echo from her cell
 Talks thro' the cliffs, and murm'ring o'er the stream
 Repeats the accent ; we shall part no more.
 O my delightful friends ! well pleas'd on high 650
 The father has beheld you, while the might
 Of that stern foe with bitter trial prov'd

Your

Book II. of IMAGINATION. 61

Your equal doings : then for ever spake
The high decree ; that thou, cœlestial maid !
Howe'er that griesly phantom on thy steps 655
May sometimes dare intrude, yet never more
Shalt thou descending to th' abode of man,
Alone endure the rancour of his arm,
Or leave thy lov'd Euphrosyné behind.
She ended : and the whole romantic scene 660
Immediate vanish'd : rocks, and woods, and rills,
The mantling tent, and each mysterious form
Flew like the pictures of a morning dream,
When sun-shine fills the bed. A while I stood
Perplex'd and giddy ; till the radiant pow'r 665
Who bade the visionary landscape rise,
As up to him I turn'd with gentlest looks
Preventing my inquiry, thus began.

THERE let thy soul acknowledge its complaint
How blind, how impious ! there behold the ways 670
Of heav'n's eternal destiny to man,
For ever just, benevolent and wise :
That VIRTUE's awful steps, howe'er pursued
By vexing fortune and intrusive PAIN,
Should never be divided from her chaff, 675
Her fair attendant, PLEASURE. Need I urge
Thy tardy thought thro' all the various round
Of this existence, that thy soft'ning soul
At length may learn what energy the hand
Of virtue mingles in the bitter tide 680
Of passion swelling with distress and pain,

To

62 The PLEASURES

To mitigate the sharp with gracious drops
 Of cordial pleasure? Ask the faithful youth;
 Why the cold urn of her whom long he lov'd
 So often fills his arms; so often draws
 His lonely footsteps at the silent hour,
 To pay the mournful tribute of his tears?
 O! he will tell thee that the wealth of worlds
 Should ne'er seduce his bosom to forego
 That sacred hour, when stealing from the noise
 Of care and envy, sweet remembrance soothes
 With virtue's kindest looks his aching breast,
 And turns his tears to rapture. ----- Ask the crowd
 Which flies impatient from the village-walk
 To climb the neighb'ring cliffs, when far below
 The cruel winds have hurl'd upon the coast
 Some helpless bark; while sacred pity melts
 The general eye, or terror's icy hand
 Smites their distorted limbs and horrent hair;
 While every mother closer to her breast
 Catches her child, and pointing where the waves
 Foam thro' the shatter'd vessel, shrieks aloud
 As one poor wretch that spreads his piteous arms
 For succour, swallow'd by the roaring surge,
 As now another, dash'd against the rock,
 Drops lifeless down: O dearest thou indeed
 No kind incasement here by nature giv'n
 To mutual terror and compassion's tears?
 No sweetly melting softness which attracts,
 O'er all that edge of pain, the social pow'rs
 To this their proper action and their end?

----- Ask

BOOK II. of IMAGINATION. 63

--- Ask thy own heart. When at the midnight hour
 Slow thro' that studious gloom thy pausing eye
 Led by the glimm'ring taper moves around
 The sacred volumes of the dead ; the songs 715
 Of Græcian bards, and records wrote by fame
 For Græcian heroes, where the present pow'r
 Of heav'n and earth surveys th' immortal page,
 Ev'n as a father blessing, while he reads,
 The praises of his son. If then thy soul, 720
 Spurning the yoke of these inglorious days,
 Mix in their deeds and kindle with their flame ;
 Say ; when the prospect blackens on thy view,
 When rooted from the base, heroic states
 Mourn in the dust and tremble at the frown 725
 Of curst ambition ; when (1) the pious band
 Of youths who fought for freedom and their fires,
 Lie side by side in gore ; when ruffian pride
 Usurps the throne of justice, turns the pomp
 Of public pow'r, the majesty of rule, 730
 The sword, the laurel, and the purple robe,
 To slavish, empty pageants, to adorn
 A tyrant's walk, and glitter in the eyes
 Of such as bow the knee ; when honour'd urns
 Of patriots and of chiefs, the awful bust 735
 And storied arch, to glut the coward-rage
 Of regal envy, strew the publick way
 With hallow'd ruins ; when the muse's haunt,
 The marble porch where wisdom wont to talk
 With Socrates or Tully, hears no more, 740
 Save the hoarse jargon of contentious monks,

Or female superstition's midnight pray'r ;
 When ruthless rapine from the hand of time
 Tears the destroying scythe, with surer blow
 To sweep the works of glory from their base ; 745
 Till desolation o'er the grass-grown street
 Expands his raven-wings, and up the wall,
 Where senates once the price of monarchs doom'd,
 Hisses the gliding snake thro' hoary weeds
 That clasp the mould'ring column ; thus defac'd 750
 Thus widely mournful when the prospect thrills
 Thy beating bosom, when the patriot's tear
 Starts from thine eye, and thy extended arm
 In fancy hurls the thunderbolt of Jove
 To fire the impious wreath on (m) Philip's brow, 755
 Or dash Octavius from the trophied car ;
 Say, does thy secret soul repine to taste
 The big distress ? Or would'st thou then exchange
 Those heart-ennobling sorrows for the lot
 Of him who sits amid the gaudy herd 760
 Of mute barbarians bending to his nod,
 And bears aloft his gold-invested front,
 And says within himself, " I am a king,
 " And wherefore should th' clam'rous voice of woe,
 " Intrude upon mine ear ? " --- The baleful dregs
 Of these late ages, this inglorious draught 766
 Of servitude and folly, have not yet,
 Blest be th' eternal ruler of the world !
 Desil'd to such a depth of sordid shame
 The native honours of the human soul, 770
 Nor so effac'd the image of its fire.

End of the second Book.

NOTES



NOTES

On BOOK the SECOND.

(a) Line 19. **A** *T last the Muses rose, &c.*] About the age of *Hugh Capet*, the founder of the third race of *French* kings, the poets of *Provence* were in high reputation ; a sort of strolling bards or rhapsodists, who went about the courts of princes and noblemen, entertaining them at festivals with music and poetry. They attempted both the epic ode and satire, and abounded in a wild and fantastical vein of fable, partly allegorical, and partly founded on traditionary legends of the *Saracen* wars. These were the rudiments of the *Italian* poetry. But their taste and composition must have been extremely barbarous, as we may judge from those who follow'd the turn of their fable in much politer times ; such as *Boiardo*, *Bernardo Tasso*, *Ariosto*, &c.

(b) Line 21. *Valclusa*.] The famous retreat of *Francesco Petrarca* the father of *Italian* poetry, and his mistress *Laura*, a lady of *Avignon*.

(c) Line 22. *Arno*.] The river which runs by *Florence*, the birth-place of *Dante* and *Boccaccio*.

(d) Line 23. *Parthenope*.] Or *Naples*, the birth-place of *Sannazarro*. The great *Torquato Tasso* was born at *Sorrento* in the kingdom of *Naples*.

(e) idem. ----- the rage

Of dire ambition, &c.] This relates to the cruel wars among the republics of *Italy*, and the abominable politics of it's little princes, about the fifteenth century.

These at last, in conjunction with the papal power, intirely extinguished the spirit of liberty in that country, and established that abuse of the fine arts which has since been propagated over all *Europe*.

(f) Line 30. *Thus from their guardians torn, &c.]* Nor were they only losers by the separation. For philosophy itself, to use the words of a noble philosopher, *being thus sever'd from the sprightly arts and sciences, must consequently grow dronish, insipid, pedantic, useles, and directly opposite to the real knowledge and practice of the world.* Infomuch, that a gentleman, says another excellent writer, *cannot easily bring himself to like so austere and ungainly a form : so greatly is it changed from what was once the delight of the finest gentlemen of antiquity, and their recreation after the hurry of public affairs !* From this condition it cannot be recovered but by uniting it once more with the works of imagination ; and we have had the pleasure of observing a very great progress made towards their union in *England* within these few years. It is hardly possible to conceive them at a greater distance from each other, than at the revolution, when *Locke* stood at the head of one party, and *Dryden* of the other. But the general spirit of liberty, which has ever since been growing, naturally invited our men of wit and genius to improve that influence which the arts of persuasion give them with the people, by applying them to subjects of importance to society. Thus poetry and eloquence became considerable ; and philosophy is now of course obliged to borrow of their embellishments, in order even to gain audience with the public.

(g) Line 157. *From passion's power alone, &c.]* This very mysterious kind of pleasure which is often found in the exercise of passions generally counted painful, has been taken notice of by several authors. *Lucretius* resolves

resolves it into self-love. *Suave mari magno*, &c. l. II. 1. As if a man was never pleas'd in being moved at the distress of a tragedy, without a cool reflexion that tho' these fictitious personages were so unhappy, yet he himself was perfectly at ease and in safety. The ingenious and candid author of the *reflexions critiques sur la poësi & sur la peinture*, accounts for it by the general delight which the mind takes in it's own activity, and the abhorrence it feels of an indolent and unattentive state: and this, join'd with the moral applause of it's own temper, which attends those emotions when natural and just, is certainly the true foundation of the pleasure, which as it is the origin and basis of tragedy and epic, deserv'd a very particular consideration in this poem.

(b) Line 304. *Inhabitants of earth*, &c.] The account of the œconomy of providence here introduced, as the most proper to calm and satisfy the mind, when under the compunction of private evils, seems to have come originally from the *Pythagorean* school: but of all the ancient philosophers, *Plato* has most largely insisted upon it, has established it with all the strength of his capacious understanding, and ennobled it with all the magnificence of his divine imagination. He has one passage so full and clear on the head, that I am persuaded the reader will be pleased to see it here, tho' somewhat long. Addressing himself to such as are not satisfied concerning divine providence, *The being who presides over the whole*, says he, *has dispos'd and complicated all things for the happiness and virtue of the whole, every part of which, according to the extent of its influence, does and suffers what is fit and proper. One of these parts is yours, O unhappy man! which tho' in itself most inconsiderable and minute, yet being connected with the universe, ever seeks to co-operate with that su-*
em.

preme order. You in the mean time are ignorant of the very end for which all particular natures are brought into existence, that the all comprehending nature of the whole may be perfect and happy; existing, as it does, not for your sake, but the cause and reason of your existence, which, as in the symmetry of every artificial work, must of necessity concur with the general design of the artist, and be subservient to the whole of which it is a part. Your complaint therefore is ignorant and groundless; since according to the various energy of creation, and the common laws of nature, there is a constant provision of that which is best at the same time for you and for the whole. ----- For the governing intelligence clearly beholding all the actions of animated and self-moving creatures, and that mixture of good and evil which diversifies them, considered first of all by what disposition of things, and what situation of each individual in the general system, vice might be depressed and subdued, and virtue made secure of victory and happiness with the greatest facility and in the highest degree possible. In this manner he order'd thro' the entire circle of being, the internal constitution of every mind, where should be its station in the universal fabric, and thro' what variety of circumstances it should proceed in the whole tenour of its existence. He goes on in his sublime manner to assert a future state of retribution, as well for those who, by the exercise of good dispositions being harmonized and assimilated to the divine virtue, are consequently removed to a place of unblemish'd sanctity and happiness; as of those who by the most flagitious arts have arisen from contemptible beginnings to the greatest affluence and power, and whom therefore you look upon as unanswerable instances of negligence in the gods, because you are ignorant of the purposes to which they are subservient, and in what manner they contribute to the supreme intention of good to the whole. Plato de Leg. x. 16.

This

This theory has been deliver'd of late, especially abroad, in a manner which subverts the freedom of human action ; whereas *Plato* appears very careful to preserve it, and has been in that respect imitated by the best of his followers.

(i) Line 322. *One Order, &c.*] See the meditations of *Antoninus*, and the characteristics, passim.

(k) Line 335. *The best and fairest, &c.*] This opinion is so old, that *Timæus Locrus* calls the supreme being, *δαιμυργός τῆς κοσμοῦ*, the artificer of that which is best ; and represents him as resolving in the beginning to produce the most excellent work, and as copying the world from his own intelligible and essential idea ; so that it yet remains, as it was at the first, perfect in beauty, and will never stand in need of any correction or improvement. There is no room for a caution here, to understand these expressions, not of any particular circumstances of human life separately considered, but of the sum or universal system of life and being. See also the vision at the end of the *Theodicée* of *Leibnitz*.

(k) Line 350. *As flame ascends, &c.*] This opinion, tho' not held by *Plato* or any of the ancients, is yet a very natural consequence of his principles. But the disquisition is too complex and extensive to be enter'd upon here.

(l) Line 726. -----when the pious band, &c.] The reader will here naturally recollect the fate of the sacred battalion of *Thebes*, which, at the battle of *Chéronée* was utterly destroyed, every man being found lying dead by his friend.

(m) Line 755. *Philip.*] The *Macedonian*.



ARGUMENT of the

THIRD BOOK.

PLEASURE in observing the tempers and manners of men, even where vicious or absurd v. 1, to 14. The origin of vice, from false representations of the fancy, producing false opinions concerning good and evil ; v. 14. to 62. Inquiry into ridicule ; v. 73. The general sources of ridicule in the minds and characters of men, enumerated, v. 14. to 240. Final cause of the sense of ridicule ; v. 263. The resemblance of certain aspects of inanimate things to the sensations and properties of the mind ; v. 282, to 311. The operations of the mind in the production of the works of imagination, described ; v. 358, to 414. The secondary pleasure from imitation ; to v. 436. The benevolent order of the world illustrated in the arbitrary connexion of these pleasures with the objects which excite them ; v. 453, to 514. The nature and conduct of taste ; v. 515 to 567. Concluding with an account of the natural and moral advantages resulting from a sensible and well-form'd imagination.

THE



T H E
P L E A S U R E S
O F
I M A G I N A T I O N

BOOK the THIRD.

WHAT wonder therefore, since th' indearing
Of passion link the universal kind (ties
Of man so close, what wonder if to search
This common nature through the various change
Of sex, and age, and fortune, and the frame 5
Of each peculiar, draw the busy mind
With unresisted charms? The spacious west,
And all the teeming regions of the south
Hold not a quarry, to the curious flight
Of knowledge, half so tempting or so fair, 10
As man to man. Nor only where the smiles
Of

72 The PLEASURES

Of love invite ; nor only where th' applause
 Of cordial honour turns th' attentive eye
 On virtue's graceful deeds. For since the course
 Of things external acts in diff'rent ways 15
 On human apprehensions, as the hand
 Of nature temper'd to a different frame
 Peculiar minds ; so haply (*a*) where the pow'rs
 Of fancy neither lessen or enlarge
 The images of thing, but paint in all 20
 Their genuine hues, the features which they wore
 In nature ; there opinion will be true,
 And action right. For action treads the path
 In which opinion says he follows good,
 Or flies from evil ; and opinion gives 25
 Report of good or evil, as the scene
 Was drawn by fancy lovely or deform'd :
 Thus her report can never there be true,
 Where fancy cheats the intellectual eye,
 With glaring colours and distorted lines. 30
 Is there a man, who at the sound of death,
 Sees ghastly shapes of terror conjur'd up,
 And black before him ; nought but death-bed groans,
 And fearful prayers, and plunging from the brink
 Of light and being, down the gloomy air, 35
 And unknown depth ? Alas ! in such a mind
 If no bright forms of excellence attend
 The image of his country ; nor the pomp
 Of sacred senates, nor the guardian voice
 Of justice on her throne, nor aught that wakes 40
 The conscious bosom with a patriot's flame ;

Will

BOOK III. of IMAGINATION. 73

Will not opinion tell him, that to die,
Or stand the hazard, is a greater ill
Than to BETRAY his country? And in act
Will he not choose to be a wretch and live? 45
Here vice begins then. From th' enchanting cup
Which fancy holds to all, th' unwary thirst
Of youth oft swallows a Circean draught,
That sheds a baleful tincture o'er the eye
Of reason, till no longer he discerns, 50
And only guides to err. Then revel forth
A furious band that spurn him from the throne;
And all is uproar. Thus ambition grasps
The empire of the soul: thus pale revenge
Unsheaths her murd'rous dagger; and the hands 55
Of lust and rapine, with unholy arts,
Watch to o'erturn the barrier of the laws
That keeps them from their prey: thus all the plagues
The wicked bear, or o'er the trembling scene
The tragic muse discloses, under shapes 60
Of honour, safety, pleasure, ease or pomp,
Stole first into the mind. Yet not by all
Those lying forms which fancy in the brain
Engenders, are the kindling passions driv'n
To guilty deeds; nor reason bound in chains 65
That vice alone may lord it: oft adorn'd
With solemn pageants, folly mounts his throne,
And plays her ideot-antics, like a queen.
A thousand garbs she wears; a thousand ways
She wheels her giddy empire ----- Lo! thus far 70
With bold adventure, to the Mantuan lyre

74 The PLEASURES

I sing of nature's charms, and touch well-pleas'd
 A stricter note : now haply must my song
 Unbend her serious measure, and reveal
 In lighter strains, (b) how folly's awkward arts 75
 Excite impetuous laughter's gay rebuke ;
 The sportive province of the comic muse.

SEE ! in what crouds the uncouth forms advance
 Each would outstrip the other, each prevent
 Our careful search, and offer to your gaze, 80
 Unask'd, his motley features. Wait awhile,
 My curious friends ! and let us first arrange
 In proper orders your promiscuous throng.

(c) BEHOLD the foremost band ; of slender thought,
 And easy faith ; whom flatt'ring fancy sooths 85
 With lying spectres, in themselves to view
 Illustrious forms of excellence and good,
 That scorn the mansion. With exulting hearts
 They spread their spurious treasures to the sun ;
 And bid the world admire ! but chief the glance 90
 Of wishful envy draws their joy-bright eyes,
 And lifts with self-applause each lordly brow.
 In number boundless as the blooms of spring,
 Behold their glaring idols, empty shapes .
 By fancy gilded o'er, and then set up 95
 For adoration. Some in learning's garb,
 With formal band and sable-cinctur'd gown,
 And rags of mouldy volumes. Some elate
 With martial splendour, steely pikes, and swords

OF

BOOK III. of IMAGINATION. 75

Of costly frame, and gay Phœnician robes 100
 Inwrought with flow'ry gold, assume the port
 Of stately valour : list'ning by his side
 There stands a female form ; to her, with looks
 Of earnest import, pregnant with amaze,
 He talks of deadly deeds, of breaches, storms, 105
 And sulph'rous mines, and ambush : then at once
 Breaks off, and smiles to see her look so pale,
 And asks some wond'ring question of her fears.
 Others of graver mien ; behold, adorn'd
 With holy ensigns, how sublime they move, 110
 And bending oft, their sanctimonious eyes,
 Take homage of the simple-minded throng,
 Ambassadors of heav'n ! Nor much unlike
 Is he whose visage, in the lazy mist
 That mantles every feature, hides a brood 115
 Of politic conceits ; of whispers, nods,
 And hints deep omen'd with unwieldy schemes,
 And dark portents of state, Ten thousand more
 Prodigious habits and tumultuous tongues,
 Pour dauntless in, and swell the boastful band. 120

(d) THEN comes the second order ; all who seek
 The debt of praise, where watchful unbelief
 Darts thro' the thin pretence her squinting eye
 On some retir'd appearance which belies
 The boasted virtue, or annuls th' applause 125
 That justice else would pay. Here side by side,
 I see two leaders of the solemn train,
 Approaching : one a female old and grey,

With eyes demure, and wrinkle-furrow'd brow,
 Pale as the cheeks of death ; yet still she stuns 130
 The sick'ning audience with a nauseous tale ;
 How many youths her myrtle chains have worn,
 How many virgins at her triumphs pin'd !
 Yet how resolv'd she guards her cautious heart ;
 Such is her terror at the risques of love 135
 And man's seducing tongue ! The other seems
 A bearded sage, ungentle in his mein,
 And sordid all his habit ; peevish want
 Grins at his heels, while down the gazing throng
 He stalks, resounding in magnific phrase 140
 The vanity of riches, the contempt
 Of pomp and power, Be prudent in your zeal,
 Ye grave associates ! let the silent grace
 Of her who blushes at the fond regard
 Her charms inspire, more eloquent unfold 145
 The praise of spotless honour ; let the man
 Whose eye regards not his illustrious pomp
 And ample store, but as indulgent streams
 To cheer the barren soil and spread the fruits
 Of joy, let him by juster measure fix 150
 The pride of riches and the end of power.

(c) ANOTHER tribe succeeds ; deluded long
 By fancy's dazzling optics, these behold
 The images of some peculiar things
 With brighter hues resplendent, and portay'd 155
 With features nobler far than e'er adorn'd
 Their genuine objects, Hence the fever'd heart

Pants

BOOK III. of IMAGINATION. 77

Pants with delirious hope for tinsel charms ;
Hence oft obtrusive on the eye of scorn
Untimely zeal her witless pride betrays ; 169
And serious manhood, from the tow'ring aim
Of wisdom, stoops to emulate the boast
Of childish toil. Behold yon mystic form,
Bedeck'd with feathers, insects, weeds and shells !
Not with intenser brow the Samian sage 165
Bent his fixt eye on heav'n's eternal fires,
When first the order of that radiant scene
Swell'd his exultant thought, than this surveys
A muckworm's entrails or a spider's fang.
Next him a youth with flow'rs and myrtles crown'd,
Attends that virgin-form, and blushing kneels, 171
With fondest gesture and a suppliant's tongue
To win her coy regard : adieu, for him,
The dull engagements of the bustling world !
Adieu the sick impertinence of praise ! 175
And hope, and action ! for with her alone,
By streams and shades to steal the sighing hours,
Is all he asks, and all that fate can give !
Thee too, facetious Momion, wandering here,
Thee, dreaded censor ! oft have I beheld 180
Bewilder'd unawares : alas ! too long
Flush'd with thy comic triumphs and the spoils
Of fly diversion ! till on every side
Hurling thy random bolts, offended truth
Assign'd thee here thy station with the slaves. 185
Of folly. Thy once formidable name
Shall grace her humble records, and be heard.

78 The PLEASURES

In scoffs and mock'ry bandied from the lips
Of all the vengeful brotherhood around
So oft the patient victims of thy scorn. 190

(f) BUT now, ye gay ! to whom indulgent fate,
Of all the muse's empire hath assign'd
The fields of folly, hither each advance
Your sickles ; here the teeming soil affords
Its richest growth. A fav'rite brood appears ; 195
In whom the dæmon, with a mother's joy,
Views all her charms reflected, all her cares
At full repay'd. Ye most illustrious band !
Who scorning reason's tame, pedantic rules,
And order's vulgar bondage, never meant 200
For souls sublime as yours, with gen'rous zeal
Pay vice the reverence virtue long usurp'd,
And yield deformity the fond applause
Which beauty wont to claim ; forgive my song
That for the blushing diffidence of youth, 205
It shuns th' unequal province of your praise.

(g) THUS far triumphant in the pleasing guile
Of hand and imagination, folly's train
Have dar'd our search : but now a dastard-kind
Advance reluctant, and with fault'ring feet 210
Shrink from the gazer's eye : infeebled hearts,
Whom fancy chills with visionary fears,
Or bends to servile tameness with conceits
Of shame, of evil, or of base defect,
Fantastic and delusive. Here the slave 215
Who

Book III. of IMAGINATION: 79

Who droops abash'd when sullen pomp surveys
His humbler habit : here the trembling wretch
Unnerv'd and froze with terror's icy bolts
Spent in weak wailings, drown'd in shameful tears,
At every dream of danger : here subdued 220
By frontless laughter and the hardy scorn
Of old, unfeeling vice, the abject soul
Who blushing half resigns the candid praise
Of temperance and honour ; half disowns
A freeman's hatred of tyrannic pride ; 225
And hears with sickly smile the venal mouth
With foulest licence mock the patriot's name.

(b) LAST of the motley bands on whom the pow'r
Of gay derision bends her hostile aim,
Is that where shameful ignorance presides. 230
Beneath her sordid banners, ! lo they march,
Like blind and lame. Whate'er the doubtful hands
Attempt, confusion strait appears behind,
And troubles all the work. Thro' many a maze,
Perplex'd they struggle, changing every path, 235
O'erturning every purpose ; then at last
Sit down dismay'd, and leave th' entangled scene.
For scorn to sport with such then is th' abode
Of folly in the mind ; and such the shapes
In which she governs her obsequious train, 240
Thro' every scene of ridicule in things
To lead the tenour of my devious lay ;
Thro' every swift occasion, which the hand
Of laughter points at, when the mirthful sting

Diffends

Distends her falling nerves and choaks her tongue ;
 What were it but to count each crystal drop 246
 Which morning's dewy fingers on the blooms
 Of May distill ? (i) Suffice it to have said,
 Where'er the pow'r of ridicule displays
 Her quaint-ey'd visage, some incongruous form, 250
 Some stubborn dissonance of things combin'd,
 Strikes on the quick observer : whether pomp,
 Or praise or beauty mix their partial claim
 Where fordid fashions, where ignoble deeds,
 Where foul deformity are wont to dwell, 255
 Or whether these with violation loath'd,
 Invade resplendent pomp's imperious mien,
 The charms of beauty, or the boast of praise.

(k) Ask we for what fair end, th' almighty fire
 In mortal bosoms wakes this gay contempt, 260
 These grateful stings of laughter, from disgust
 Educating pleasure ? Wherefore, but to aid
 The tardy steps of reason, and at once
 By this prompt impulse urge us to depress
 The giddy aims of folly ? Tho' the light 265
 Of truth slow-dawning on th' inquiring mind,
 At length unfolds, thro' many a subtle tie,
 How these uncouth disorders end at last
 In publick evil, yet benignant heav'n
 Conscious how dim the dawn of truth appears 270
 To thousands ; conscious what a scanty pause
 From labours and from care the wider lot
 Of humble life affords for studious thought.

BOOK III. of IMAGINATION. 81

To scan the maze of nature ; therefore stamp
The glaring scenes with characters of scorn, 275
As broad, as obvious to the passing clown,
As to the letter'd sage's curious eye.

SUCH are the various aspects of the mind ----
Some heavenly genius, whose unclouded thoughts
Attain that secret harmony which blends 280
Th' æthèrial spirit with it's mold of clay ;
O ! teach me to reveal that grateful charm
That searchless nature o'er the sense of man
Diffuses, to behold, in lifeless things,
(1) The inexpressive semblance of himself, 285
Of thought and passion. Mark the sable woods
That shade sublime yon mountains nodding brow ;
With what religious awe the solemn scene
Commands your steps ! as if the reverend form
Of Minos or of Numa should forsake 290
Th' Elysian seats, and down th' imbowering glade
Move to your pausing eye ! Behold th' expanse
Of yon gay landscape, where the silver clouds
Flit o'er the heav'ns before the sprightly breeze :
Now their grey cincture skirts the doubtful sun ; 295
Now streams of splendor, thro' the opening veil
Effulgent, sweep from off the gilded lawn
Th' aerial shadows ; on the curling brook,
And on the shady margin's quivering leaves
With quickest lustre glancing : While you view 300
The prospect, say, within your chearful breast
Plays not the lively sense of winning mirth

82 The PLEASURES

With clouds and sun-shine chequer'd, while the round
 Of social converse, to th' inspiring tongue
 Of some gay nymph amid her subject-train, 305
 Moves all obsequious ? Whence is this effect,
 This kindred power of such discording things ?
 Or flows their semblance from that mystic tone
 To which the new-born mind's harmonious pow'rs
 At first were strung ? Or rather from the links 310
 Which artful custom twines around her frame ?

For when the diff'rent images of things
 By chance combin'd, have struck th' attentive soul
 With deeper impulse, or connected long,
 Have drawn her frequent eye ; howe'er distinct 315
 Th' external scenes, yet oft th' ideas gain
 From that conjunction an eternal tie,
 And sympathy unbroken. Let the mind
 Recall one partner of the various league,
 Immediate, lo ! the firm conted'rates rise 320
 And each his former station strait resumes :
 One movement governs the consenting throng,
 And all at once with rosy pleasure shine,
 Or all are sadden'd with the glooms of care.
 'Twas thus, if ancient fable the truth unfold, 325
 (m) Two faithful needles from th' informing touch
 Of the same parent-stone, together drew
 It's mystic virtue, and at first conspir'd
 With fatal impulse quiv'ring to the pole ;
 Then, tho' disjoin'd by kingdoms, tho' the main 330
 Rowl'd it's broad surge betwixt, and diff'rent stars

Beheld

BOOK III. of IMAGINATION. 83

Beheld their wakeful motions, yet preserv'd
 The former friendship, and remember'd still
 Th' alliance of their birth : 'whate'er the line
 Which one possess'd, nor pause, nor quiet knew 335
 The sure associate, ere with trembling speed
 He found it's path, and fix'd unerring there.
 Such is the secret union, when we feel
 A song, a flow'r, a name, at once restore
 These long-connected scenes where first they mov'd 340
 Th' attention ; backward thro her mazy walks
 Guiding the wanton fancy to her scope,
 To temples, courts or fields ; with all the band
 Of painted forms, of passions and designs
 Attendant : whence, if pleasing in itself, 345
 The prospect from that sweet-accession gains
 Redoubled influence o'er the list'ning mind.

(n) By these mysterious ties the busy pow'r
 Of mem'ry her ideal train preserves
 Intire ; or when they would elude her watch, 350
 Reclaims their fleeting footsteps from the waste
 Of dark oblivion ; thus collecting all
 The various forms of being to present
 Before the curious aim of mimic art,
 Their largest choice : like spring's unfolded blooms
 Exhaling sweetness, that the skilful bee 336
 May taste at will, from their selected spoils
 To work her dulcet food. For not th' expanse
 Of living lakes in summer's noontide calm,
 Reflects the bord'ring shade and sun-bright heav'ns 360

84 The PLEASURES

With fairer semblance ; not the sculptur'd gold
 More faithful keeps the graver's lively trace,
 Than he whose birth the sister-pow'rs of art
 Propitious view'd, and from his genial star
 Shed influence to the seeds of fancy kind ; 365
 Than his attempt'd bosom must preserve
 The seal of nature. There alone unchang'd,
 Her form remains. The balmy walks of May
 There breathe perennial sweets, the trembling chord
 Resounds for ever in th' abstracted ear, 370
 Melodious ; and the virgin's radiant eye,
 Superior to disease, to grief, and time,
 Shines with unbating lustre. Thus at length
 Endow'd with all that nature can bestow,
 The child of fancy oft in silence bends 375
 O'er these mixt treasures of his pregnant breast,
 With conscious pride. From them he oft resolves
 To frame he knows not what excelling things ;
 And win he knows not what sublime reward
 Of praise and wonder. By degrees the mind 380
 Feels her young nerves dilate ; the plastic pow'rs
 Labour for action : blind emotions heave
 His bosom ; and with loveliest frenzy caught,
 From earth to heav'n he rolls his daring eye.
 From heav'n to earth. Anon ten thousand shapes 385
 Like spectres trooping to the wizard's call,
 Fleet swift before him. From the womb of earth,
 From ocean's bed they come : th' eternal heav'ns
 Disclose their splendors, and the dark abyss
 Pours out her births unknown. With fixed gaze 390
 He

BOOK III. of IMAGINATION. 85

He marks the rising phantoms. Now compares
Their different forms ; now blends them, now divides
Enlarges and extenuates by turns ;

Opposes, ranges in fantastic bands,
And infinitely varies. Hither now, 395

Now thither fluctuates his inconstant aim,
With endless choice perplex'd. At length his plan
Begins to open. Lucid order dawns ;

And as from Chaos old the jarring seeds
Of nature at the voice divine repair'd 400

Each to its place, till rosy earth unveil'd
Her fragrant bosom, and the joyful sun
Sprung up the blue serene : by swift degrees
Thus disentangled his entire design

Emerges. Colours mingle, features join, 405
And lines converge : the fainter parts retire ;

The fairer eminent in light advance ;
And every image on its neighbour smiles.

A while he stands, and with a father's joy
Contemplates. Then with Promethéan art, 410

(e) Into his proper vehicle he breathes
The fair conception ; which imbodied thus
And permanent, becomes to eyes or ears

An object ascertain'd ; while thus inform'd,
The various objects of his mimic skill, 415

The consonance of sounds, the featur'd rock,
The shadowy picture and impassion'd verse,

Beyond their proper pow'rs attract the soul
By that expressive semblance, while in sight

Of nature's great original we scan 420

86 The P L E A S U R E S

The lively child of art ; while line by line,
 And feature after feature we refer
 To that sublime exemplar whence it stole
 Those animating charms. Thus beauty's palm
 Betwixt 'em wavering hangs : applauding love 425
 Doubts where to choose ; and mortal man aspires
 To tempt creative praise. As when a cloud
 Of gath'ring hail with limpid crusts of ice
 Inclos'd and obvious to the beaming sun,
 Collects his large effulgence ; strait the heav'ns 430
 With equal flames present on either hand
 The radiant visage : Persia stands at gaze,
 Appall'd ; and on the brink of Ganges waits
 The snowy-vested seer, in Mithra's name,
 To which the fragrance of the south shall burn, 435
 To which his warbled orisons ascend.

SUCH various bliss the well tun'd heart enjoys,
 Favour'd of heav'n ! While plung'd in fordid cares,
 Th' unfeeling vulgar mocks the boon divine :
 And harsh austerity, from whose rebuke 440
 Young love and smiling wonder shrink away,
 Abash'd and chill of heart, with sager frowns
 Condemns the fair incantment. On, my strain,
 Perhaps ev'n now, some cold fastidious judge
 Casts a disdainful eye ; and calls my toil,
 And calls the love and beauty which I sing,
 The dream of folly. Thou grave censor ! say,
 Is beauty then a dream, because the glooms
 Of dulness hang too heavy on thy sense

To

BOOK III. of IMAGINATION. 87

To let her shine upon thee ? So the man 450
Whose eye ne'er open'd on the light of heav'n,
Might smile with scorn while raptur'd vision tells
Of the gay, colour'd radiance flushing bright
O'er all creation. From the wise be far
Such gross, unhallow'd pride ; nor needs my song 455
Descend so low ; but rather now unfold,
If human thought could reach, or words unfold
By what mysterious fabric of the mind,
The deep-felt joys and harmony of sound
Result from airy motion ; and from shape 460
The lovely phantoms of sublime and fair.
By what fine ties hath God connected things
When present in the mind ; which in themselves
Have no connexion ? Sure the rising sun,
O'er the cærulean convex of the sea, 465
With equal brightness and with equal warmth
Might rowl his fiery orb ; nor yet the soul
Thus feels her frame expanded, and her pow'rs
Exulting in the splendor she beholds ;
Like a young conqueror moving thro' the pomp 470
Of some triumphal day. When join'd at eve,
Soft-murm'ring streams, and gales of gentlest breath
Melodious Philomela's wakeful strain
Attemper, could not man's discerning ear
Thro' all its tones the symphony pursue 475
Nor yet this breath divine of nameless joy
Steal thro' his veins and fan th' awaken'd heart,
Mild as the breeze, yet rapt'rous as the song ?

But were not nature still indow'd at large
 With all which life requires, tho' unadorn'd 480
 With such enchantment ? Wherefore then her form
 So exquisitely fair ? her breath perfum'd
 With such ætherial sweetness ? Whence her voice
 Inform'd at will to raise or to depress
 Th' impassion'd soul ? and whence the robes of light 485
 Which thus invest her with more lovely pomp
 Than fancy can describe ? Whence but from thee,
 O source divine of ever-flowing love,
 And thy unmeasur'd goodness ? Not content
 With every food of life to nourish man, 490
 By kind allusions of the wond'rous sense
 Thou mak'st all nature beauty to his eye,
 Or music to his ear : well pleas'd he scans
 The goodly prospect ; and with inward smiles
 Treads the gay verdure of the painted plain ; 495
 Beholds the azure canopy of heav'n,
 And living lamps that over-arch his head
 With more than regal splendor ; bends his ears
 To the full choir of water, air and earth ;
 Nor heeds the pleasing error of his thought, 500
 Nor doubts the painted green, or azure arch,
 Nor questions more the music's mingling sounds
 Than space, or motion, or eternal time :
 So sweet he feels their influence to attract
 The fixed soul ; to brighten the dull glooms 505
 Of care, and make the destin'd road of life
 Delightful to his feet. So fables tell

Th'

BOOK III. of IMAGINATION. 89

Th' advent'rous hero, bound on hard exploits,
Beholds with glad surprisè, by secret spells
Of some kind sage, the patron of his toils, 510
A visionary paradise disclos'd
Amid the dubious wild : with streams, and shades,
And airy songs, th' enchanted landscape smiles,
Cheers his long labours, and renews his frame.

WHAT then is taste, but these internal pow'rs 515
Active and strong, and feelingly alive
To each fine impulse ? a discerning sense
Of decent and sublime, with quick disgust
From things deform'd, or disarrang'd, or gross
In species ? This, nor gems, nor stores of gold, 520
Nor purple state, nor culture can bestow ;
But GOD alone, when first his active hand
Imprints the secret byas of the soul,
HE, mighty parent ! wife and just in all
Free as the vital breeze or light of heav'n, 525
Reveals the charms of nature. Ask the swain
Who journeys homeward from a summer day's
Long labour, why, forgetful of his toils
And due repose, he loiters to behold
The sun-shine gleaming as thro' amber clouds, 530
O'er all the western sky ; full soon, I ween,
His rude expression and untutor'd airs,
Beyond the pow'r of language, will unfold
The form of beauty smiling at his heart,
How lovely ! how commanding ! But thro' heav'n
In every breast hath sown these early seeds 535

L

Of

Of love and admiration, yet in vain,
 Without fair culture's kind parental aid,
 Without enlivening suns, and genial show'rs,
 And shelter from the blast, in vain we hope 540
 The tender plant should rear its blooming head,
 Or yield the harvest promis'd in its spring.
 Nor yet will every soil with equal stores
 Repay the tiller's labour ; or attend
 His will, obsequious, whether to produce 545
 The olive or the laurel. Different minds
 Incline to different objects : (*p*) one pursues,
 The vast alone, the wonderful, the wild ;
 Another sighs for harmony, and grace,
 And gentlest beauty. Hence when lightning fires 550
 The arch of heav'n, and thunders rock the ground ;
 When furious whirlwinds rend the howling air,
 And ocean, groaning from the lowest bed,
 Heaves his tempestuous billows to the sky ;
 Amid the mighty uproar, while below 555
 The nations tremble, Shakespear looks abroad
 From some high cliff, superior, and enjoys
 The elemental war. But (*q*) Waller longs,
 All on the margin of some flow'ry stream
 To spread his careless limbs amid the cool 560
 Of plantane shades, and to the list'ning deer,
 The tale of slighted vows and love's disdain
 Resound soft-warbling all the live-long day :
 Consenting Zephyr sighs ; the weeping rill
 Joins in his plaint, melodious ; mute the groves ; 565
 And hill and dale with all their echoes mourn.
 Such and so various are the tastes of men.

BOOK III. of IMAGINATION. 91

OH ! blest of heav'n, whom not the languid songs
 Of luxury, the Siren ! not the bribes
 Of fordid wealth, nor all the gaudy spoils 570
 Of pageant honour can seduce to leave
 Those ever-blooming sweets, which from the store
 Of nature fair imagination culls
 To charm th' inliven'd soul ! What tho' not all
 Of mortal offspring can attain the heights 575
 Of envied life ; tho' only few possess
 Patrician treasures or imperial state ;
 Yet nature's care, to all her children just,
 With richer treasures and an ampler state
 Endows at large whatever happy man 580
 Will deign to use them. His the city's pomp,
 The rural honours his. Whate'er adorns
 The princely dome, the column and the arch,
 The breathing marbles and the sculptur'd gold,
 Beyond the proud possessor's narrow claim, 585
 His tuneful breast enjoys. For him, the spring
 Distills her dews, and from the silken gem
 Its lucid leaves unfolds : for him, the hand
 Of autumn tinges every fertile branch
 With blooming gold and blushes like the morn, 590
 Each passing hour sheds tribute from her wings ;
 And still new beauties meet his lonely walk ;
 And loves unselt attract him. Not a breeze
 Flies o'er the meadow, not a cloud imbibes
 The setting sun's effulgence, not a strain 595
 From all the tenants of the warbling shade

92 • The PLEASURES

Ascends, but whence his bosom can partake
 Fresh pleasure, unprov'd. Nor thence partakes
 Fresh pleasure only : for th' attentive mind,
 By this harmonious action on her pow'rs, 600
 Becomes herself harmonious : won't so long
 In outward things to meditate the charm
 Of sacred order, soon she seeks at home
 To find a kindred order, to exert
 Within herself this elegance of love, 605
 This inspir'd delight : her temper'd pow'rs
 Refine at length, and every passion wears
 A chaster, milder, more attractive mien.
 But if to ampler prospects, if to gaze
 On nature's form where negligent of all 610
 These lesser graces, she assumes the port
 Of that eternal majesty that weigh'd
 The world's foundations, if to these the mind
 Exalt her daring eye, then mightier far
 Will be the change, and nobler. Would the forms
 Of servile custom cramp her gen'rous pow'rs ? 615
 Would fordid policies, the barb'rous growth
 Of ignorance and rapine bow her down.
 To tame pursuits, to indolence and fear ?
 Lo ! she appeals to nature, to the winds 620
 And rowling waves, the sun's unwearied course,
 The elements and seasons : all declare
 For what th' eternal maker has ordain'd
 The pow'rs of man : we feel within ourselves
 His energy divine : he tells the heart 625
 He meant, he made us to behold and love

What

Book III. of IMAGINATION 93

What he beholds and loves, the general orb
Of life and being ; to be great like him,
Beneficent and active. Thus the men
Whom nature's works can charm, with God himself
Hold converse ; grow familiar, day by day, 631
With his conceptions ; act upon his plan ;
And form to his the relish of their souls.

F I N I S,



NOTES



NOTES

On BOOK the THIRD.

(a) **L**ine 18 -----where the *poet's*
[Of fancy, &c.] The influence of the imagination on the conduct of life is one of the most important points in moral philosophy. It were easy by an induction of facts to prove that the imagination directs almost all the passions, and mixes with almost every circumstance of action or pleasure. Let any man, even of the coldest head and soberest industry, analyse the idea of what he calls his interest; he will find that it consists chiefly of certain images of decency, beauty and order, variously combin'd into one system, the idol which he seeks to enjoy by labour, hazard, and self denial. It is on this account, of the last consequence to regulate these images by the standard of nature and the general good; otherwise the imagination, by heightning some objects beyond their real excellence and beauty, or by representing others in a more odious or terrible shape than they deserve, may of course engage us in pursuits utterly inconsistent with the laws of the moral order.

If it be objected, that this account of things supposes the passions to be merely accidental, whereas there appears in some a natural and hereditary disposition to certain passions prior to all circumstances of education or fortune; it may be answer'd, that tho' no man is born *ambitious* or a *miser*, yet he may inherit from his parents

parents a peculiar temper or complexion of mind, which shall render his imagination more liable to be struck with some particular objects, consequently dispose him to form opinions of good and ill, and entertain passions of a particular turn. Some men, for instance, by the original frame of their minds, are more delighted with the vast and magnificent, others on the contrary with the elegant and gentle aspects of nature. And it is very remarkable, that the disposition of the moral powers is always similar to this of the imagination; that those who are most inclin'd to admire prodigious and sublime objects in the physical world, are also most inclin'd to applaud examples of fortitude and heroic virtue in the moral. While those who are charm'd rather with the *delicacy* and *sweetness* of colours, and forms and sounds, never fail in like manner to yield the preference to the softer scenes of virtue, and the sympathies of a domestic life. And this is sufficient to account for the objection.

AMONG the ancient philosophers, tho' we have several hints concerning this influence of the imagination upon morals among the remains of the *Socratic* school, yet the *Stoics* were the first who paid it a due attention. *Zeno*, their founder, thought it impossible to preserve any tolerable regularity in life, without frequently inspecting those pictures or appearances of things which the imagination offers to the mind. (*Diog. Laert.* l. vii.) The meditations of *M. Aurelius*, and the discourses of *Epictetus*, are full of the same sentiments; insomuch that this latter makes the *right management of the fancies*, the only thing for which we are accountable to providence, and without which, a man is no other than stupid or frantic. *Arrian.* l. i. c. 12. & l. ii. c. 22. See also the *Characteristics*, vol. 1. from p. 313. to p. 321. where this *Stoical* doctrine is embellished with all the eloquence of the graces of *Plato*.

(b) Lin-

(b) Line 75. ----- *how folly's awkward arts, &c.*] Notwithstanding the general influence of *ridicule* on private and civil life, as well as on learning and the sciences, it has been almost constantly neglected or misrepresented, by divines especially. The manner of treating these subjects in the science of human nature, should be precisely the same as in natural philosophy; from particular facts to investigate the stated order in which they appear, and then apply the general law, thus discovered, to the explication of other appearances, and the improvement of useful arts.

(c) Line 84. *Behold the foremost band &c.*] The first and most general source of ridicule in the characters of men, is vanity or self-applause for some desirable quality or possession which evidently does not belong to those who assume it.

(d) Line 121. *Then comes the second order, &c.*] Ridicule from the same vanity, where tho' the possession be real, yet no merit can arise from it, because of some particular circumstances, which, tho' obvious to the spectator, are yet overlookt by the ridiculous character.

(e) Line 152. *Another tribe succeeds, &c.*] Ridicule from a notion of excellence in particular objects disproportion'd to their intrinsic value, and inconsistent with the order of nature.

(f) Line 191. *But now ye gay, &c.*] Ridicule from a notion of excellence, where the object is absolutely odious or contemptible. This is the highest degree of the ridiculous; as in the affectation of diseases or vices.

(g) Line 206. *Thus far] triumphant, &c.*] Ridicule from false shame or groundless fear.

(h) Line 128. *Last of the &c.*] Ridicule from the ignorance of such things as our circumstances require us to know.

(i) Line 148. *Suffice it to have said, &c.*] By comparing

paring these general sources of ridicule with each other, and examining the ridiculous in other objects, we may obtain a general definition of it equally applicable to every species. The most important circumstance of this definition is laid down in the lines referr'd to ; but others more minute we shall subjoin here. *Aristotle's* account of the matter seems both imperfect and false ; *the ridiculous*, says he, *is some certain fault or turpitude without pain and not destructive to its subject.* (*Poetic. c. v.*) For allowing it to be true, as it is not, that the ridiculous is never accompanied with pain, yet we might produce many instances of such a fault or turpitude which cannot with any tollerable propriety be called ridiculous. So that the definition does not distinguish the thing defined. Nay further, even when we perceive the turpitude tending to the destruction of its subject, we may still be sensible of a ridiculous appearance, till the ruin become imminent and the keener sensations of pity or terror banish the ludicrous apprehension from our minds. For the sensation of ridicule is not a bare perception of the agreement or disagreement of ideas ; but a passion or emotion of the mind consequential to that perception. So that the mind may perceive the agreement or disagreement, and yet not feel the ridiculous, because it is engrossed by a more violent emotion. Thus it happens that some men think those objects ridiculous, to which others cannot endure to apply the name ; because in them they excite a much intenser and more important feeling. And this difference, among other causes, has brought a good deal of confusion into this question.

That which makes objects ridiculous is some ground of admiration or esteem connected with other more general circumstances, comparatively worthless or deformed ; or

it is some circumstance of turpitude or deformity connected with what is in general excellent or beautiful: the inconsistent properties existing either in the objects themselves, or in the apprehension of the person to whom they relate; belonging always to the same order or class of being, implying sentiment or design; and exciting no acute or vehement emotion of the heart.

To prove the several parts of this definition: *The appearance of excellence or beauty connected with a general condition comparatively sordid or deformed, is ridiculous; viz. pompous pretensions to wisdom join'd with ignorance and folly in the Socrates of Aristophanes; and the applause of military glory with cowardice and stupidity in the Thrafo of Terence.*

The appearance of turpitude or deformity in conjunction with what is in general excellent or venerable, is also ridiculous: for instance, the personal weaknesses of a magistrate appearing in the solemn and public functions of his station.

The incongruous properties may either exist in the objects themselves, or in the apprehension of the person to whom they relate: in the last-mentioned instances they both exist in the objects; in the instance from Aristophanes and Terence, one of them is objective and real, the other only founded in the apprehension of the ridiculous character.

The inconsistent properties must belong to the same order or class of being. A coxcomb in fine cloaths bedaubed by accident in foul weather, is a ridiculous object; because his general apprehension of excellence and esteem is referr'd to the splendour and expence of his dress. A man of sense and merit in the same circumstances, is not counted ridiculous; because the general ground of excellence and esteem in him, is both in fact and in his own apprehension, of a very different species. Every

Every ridiculous object implies sentiment or design.

A column placed by an architect without a capital or base, is laugh'd at : the same column placed in a ruin causes a very different sensation.

AND lastly, *the occurrence must excite no acute or vehement emotion of the heart*, such as terror, pity or indignation ; for in that case, as was observ'd above, the mind is not at leisure to contemplate the ridiculous.

WHETHER any appearance not ridiculous be involved in this description ; and whether it comprehend every specie and form of the ridiculous, must be determin'd by repeated applications of it to particular instances.

(k) Line 259. *Ask we for what, &c.*] Since it is beyond all contradiction evident that we have a *natural* sense or feeling of the ridiculous, and since so good a reason may be assign'd to justify the supreme being for bestowing it ; one cannot without astonishment reflect on the conduct of those men who imagine it is for the service of true religion to vilify and blacken it without distinction, and endeavour to persuade us that it is never applied but in a bad cause. Ridicule is not concern'd with meer speculative truth or falsehood. It is not in abstract propositions or theorems, but in actions and passions, good and evil, beauty and deformity, that we find materials for it ; and all these terms are *relative*, implying approbation or blame. To ask then *whether ridicule be a test of truth*, is, in other words, to ask whether that which is ridiculous can be *morally true*, can be just and becoming ; or whether that which is just and becoming, can be ridiculous. A question that does not deserve a serious answer. For it is most evident, that as in a metaphysical proposition offer'd to the understanding for it's assent, the faculty of reason examines

mines the terms of the proposition, and finding one idea which was supposed equal to another, to be in fact unequal, of consequence rejects the proposition as a falsehood : so in objects offer'd to the mind for it's esteem or applause, the faculty of ridicule feeling an incongruity in the claim, urges the mind to reject it with laughter and contempt. When therefore we observe such a claim obtruded upon mankind, and the inconsistent circumstances carefully concealed from the eye of public, it is our business, if the matter be of importance to society, to drag out those latent circumstances, and by setting them in full view, convince the world how ridiculous the claim is ; and thus a double advantage is gain'd ; for we both detect the *moral falsehood* sooner than in the way of speculative enquiry, and impress the minds of men with a stronger sense of the vanity and error of it's authors. And this and no more is meant by the application of ridicule.

BUT it is said, the practice is dangerous, and may be inconsistent with the regard we owe to objects of real dignity and excellence. I answer, the practice fairly mangaed can never be dangerous ; men may be dishonest in obtruding circumstances foreign to the object, and we may be inadvertant in allowing those circumstances to impose upon us ; but the sense of ridicule always judges right : the *Socrates of Aristophanes* is as truly ridiculous a character as ever was drawn. --- True but it is not the character of *Socrates*, the divine moralist and father of ancient wisdom. What then ? did the ridicule of the poet hinder the philosopher from detecting and disclaiming those foreign circumstances which he had falsely introduced into his character, and thus rendering the satirist doubly ridiculous in his turn ? No : but it nevertheless had an ill influence on the minds of the people. And so has the reasoning

reasoning of *Spinoza* made many atheists; he has founded it indeed on suppositions utterly false, but allow him these, and his conclusions are unavoidably true. And if we must reject the use of ridicule, because by the imposition of false circumstances, things may be made to seem ridiculous, which are not so in themselves; why we ought not in the same manner to reject the use of our reason, because by proceeding on false principles, conclusions will appear true which are impossible in nature, let the vehement and obstinate declaimers against ridicule determine.

(l) Line 285. *The inexpressive semblance, &c.*] This similitude is the foundation of almost all the ornaments of poetic diction.

(m) Line 326. *Two faithful needles, &c.*] See the elegant poem recited by Cardinal Bembo in the Character of *Lucretius*; *Strada Prolus. vi. Academ. 2. c. 5.*

(n) Line 348. *By these mysterious ties, &c.*] The act of remembring seems almost wholly to depend on the association of ideas.

(o) Line 411. *Into its proper vehicle, &c.*] This relates to the different sorts of corporeal mediums, by which the ideas of the artist are rendered palpable to the senses; as by sounds, in music; by lines and shadows, in painting, by diction in poetry, &c.

(p) Line 542. ----- *One pursues
The vast alone, &c.*] See the note to ver. 18, of this book.

(q) Line 557. *Waller longs, &c.*]

*O how I long my careless limbs to lay
Under the plantane shade; and all the day
With am'rous airs my fancy entertain, &c.*

WALL. Battle of the summer-islands. Cant. I.

And again,

*While in the park I sing, the list'ning deer
Attend my passion and forget to fear, &c.*

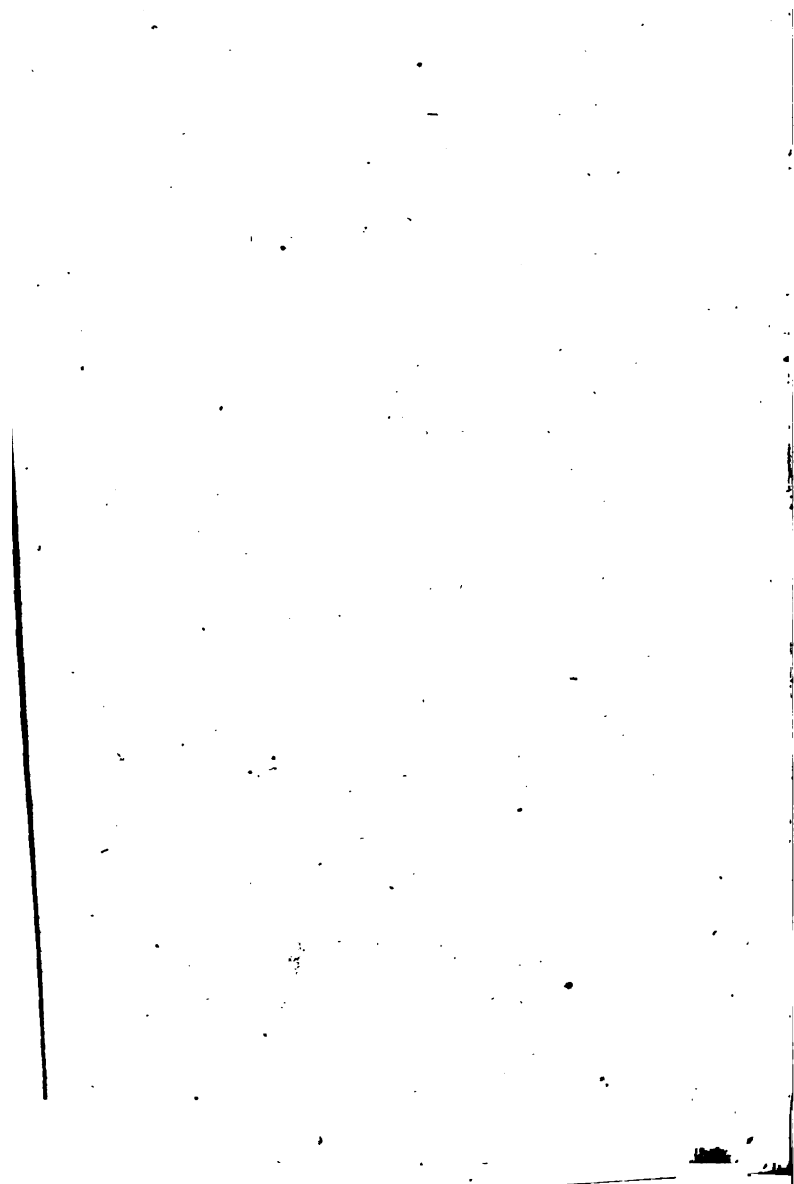
At Pens-hurst.

(r) Line 598. *Not a breeze, &c.*] That this account may not appear more poetically extravagant than just in philosophy, it may be proper to produce the sentiment of one of the greatest, wisest, and best of men on this article; one so little to be suspected of partiality in the case, that he reckons it among those favours for which he was especially thankful to the gods, that they had not suffered him to make any great proficiency in the arts of eloquence and poetry, lest by that means he should have been diverted from pursuits of more importance to his high station. Speaking of the beauty of universal nature, he observes that *there is a pleasing and graceful aspect in every object we perceive*, when once we consider its connexion with that general order. He instances in many things which at first sight would be thought rather deformities, and then adds, *that a man who enjoys a sensibility of temper with a just comprehension of the universal order ----- will discern many amiable things, not credible to every mind, but to those alone who have entered into a familiarity with nature and her works.* M. Antonin. iii. 2.

F I N I S.







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